CAMP-FIRE GIRLS

LAKE CAMP

1918

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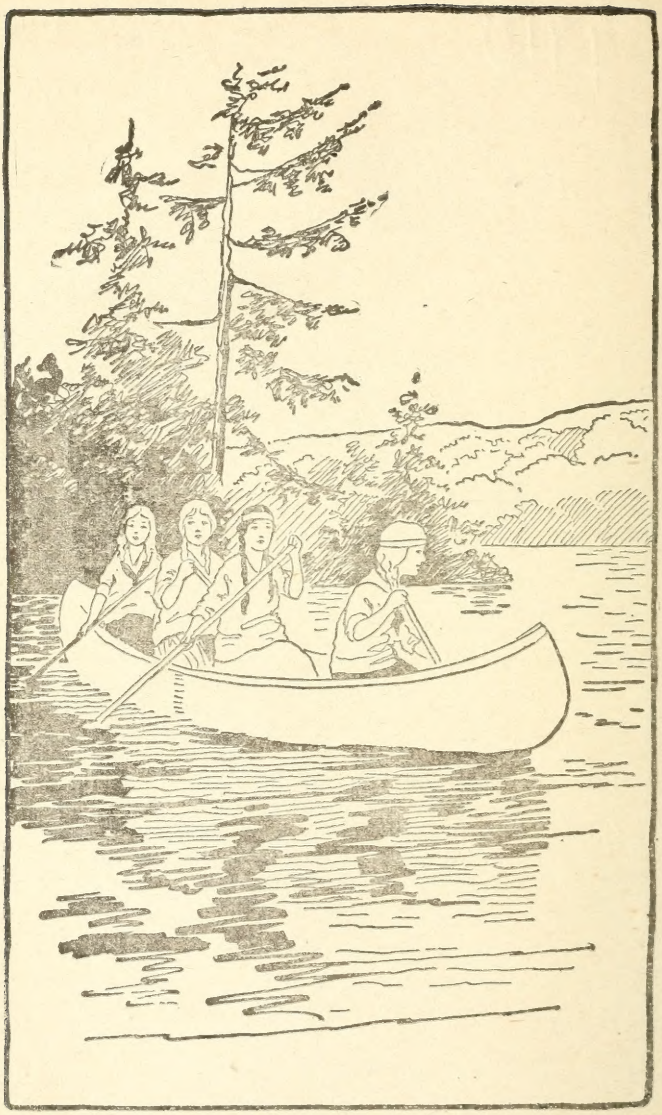

Campfire Girls at Twin Lake

Campfire Girls' Lake Camp

. . OR . .

Searching For New Adventures

By

IRENE ELLIOTT BENSON

M. A. DONOHUE & COMPANY

Chicago New York

Campfire Girls' Series

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Campfire Girls on a Hike;
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Campfire Girls at Twin Lakes;
Or, The Quest of a Summer Vacation

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CAMP FIRE GIRLS AT TWIN LAKES

OR

The Quest of a Summer Vacation

BY STELLA M. FRANCIS

CHAPTER I.

ABOUT TEETH AND TEDDY BEARS.

"Girls, I have some great news for you. I'm sure you'll be interested, and I hope you'll be as delighted as I am. Come on, all of you. Gather around in a circle just as if we were going to have a Council Fire and I'll tell you something that will—that will—Teddy Bear your teeth."

A chorus of laughter, just a little derisive, greeted Katherine Crane's enigmatical figure of speech. The merriment came from eleven members of Flamingo Camp Fire, who proceeded to form an arc of a circle in front of the speaker on the hillside grass plot near the white canvas tents of the girls' camp.

"What does it mean to Teddy Bear your teeth?" inquired Julietta Hyde with mock impatience. "Come, Katherine, you are as much of a problem with your ideas as Harriet Newcomb is with her big words. Do you know the nicknames some of us are thinking of giving to her?"

"No, what is it?" Katherine asked.

"Polly."

"Polly? Why Polly?" was the next question of the user of obscure figures of speech, who seemed by this time to have forgotten the subject that she started to introduce when she opened the conversation.

"Polly Syllable, of course," Julietta answered, and the burst of laughter that followed would have been enough to silence the most ambitious joker, but this girl fun-maker was not in the least ambitious, so she laughed appreciatively with the others.

"Well, anyway," she declared after the merriment had subsided; "Harriet always uses her polysyllables correctly, so I am not in the least offended at your comparison of my obscurities with her profundities. There, how's that? Don't you think you'd better call me Polly, too?"

"Not till you explain to us what it means to Teddy Bear one's teeth," Azalia Atwood stipulated sternly. "What I'm afraid of is that you're trying to introduce politics into this club, and we won't stand for that a minute."

"Oh, yes, Julietta, you may have your wish, if what Azalia says is true," Marie Crismore announced so eagerly that everybody present knew that she had an idea and waited expectantly for it to come out. "We'll call you Polly —Polly Tix."

Of course everybody laughed at this, and

when Harriet Newcomb demanded, that her rival for enigmatical honors make good.

"What does it mean to Teddy Bear one's teeth?" she demanded.

"Oh, you girls are making too much of that remark," Katherine protested modestly. "I really am astonished at every one of you, ashamed of you, in fact, for failing to get me. I meant that you would be delighted—dee-light-ed—get me?—dee-light-ed."

"Oh, I get you," Helen Nash announced, lifting her hand over her head with an "I know, teacher," attitude.

"Well, Helen, get up and speak your piece," Katherine directed.

"You referred to the way Theodore Roosevelt shows his teeth when he says he's 'dee-light-ed"; but we got you wrong. When you said you would tell us something that would 'Teddy Bear' our teeth, you meant b-a-r-e, not b-e-a-r. When Teddy laughs, he bares his teeth. Isn't that it?"

"This isn't the first time that Helen Nash has proved herself a regular Sherlock Holmes," Marion Stanlock declared enthusiastically. "We are pretty well equipped with brains in this camp, I want to tell you. We have Harriet, the walking dictionary; Katherine, the girl enigma; and Helen, the detective."

"Every girl is supposed to be a puzzle," Ernestine Johanson reminded. "I don't like to snatch any honors away from anyone, but,

you know, we should always have the truth."

"Yes, let us have the truth about this interesting, Teddy-teeth-baring, dee-light-ing announcement that Katherine has to make to us," Estelle Adler implored.

"The delay wasn't my fault," Katherine said, with an attitude of "perfect willingness if all this nonsense will stop." "But here comes Miss Ladd. Let's wait for her to join us, for I know you will all want her opinion of the proposition I am going to put to you."

Miss Harriet Ladd, Guardian of the Fire, bearing a large bouquet of wild flowers that she had just gathered in timber and along the bank of the stream, joined the group of girls seated on the grass a minute later, and then all waited expectantly for Katherine to begin.

CHAPTER II.

A SPECIAL MEETING CALLED.

Fern hollow — begging the indulgence of those who have read the earlier volume of this series—is a deep, richly vegetated ravine or gully forming one of a series of scenic convolutions of the surface of the earth which gave the neighboring town of Fairberry a wide reputation as a place of beauty.

The thirteen Camp Fire Girls, who had pitched their tents on the lower hillside, a few hundred feet from a boisterous, gravel-and-boulder bedded stream known as Butter creek, were students at Hiawatha Institute, a girls' school in a neighboring state. The students of that school were all Camp Fire Girls, and it was not an uncommon thing for individual Fires to spend parts of their vacations together at favorite camping places. On the present occasion the members of Flamingo Fire were guests of one of their own number, Hazel Edwards, on the farm of the latter's aunt, Mrs. Hannah Hutchins, which included a considerable section of the scenic Ravine known as Fern hollow.

They had had some startling adventures in the last few weeks, and although several days had elapsed since the windup in these events and it seemed that a season of quiet, peaceful camp life was in store for them, still they were

sufficiently keyed up to the unusual in life to accept surprises and astonishing climaxes as almost matters of course.

But all of these experiences had not rendered them restless and discontented when events slowed down to the ordinary course of every-day life, including three meals a day, eight hours' sleep, and a program of tramps, exercises and honor endeavors. The girls were really glad to return to their schedule and their handbook for instructions as to how they should occupy their time. After all, adventures make entertaining reading, but very few, if any, persons normally constituted would choose a melodramatic career if offered as an alternative along with an even-tenor existence.

All within one week, these girls had witnessed the execution of an astonishing plot by a band of skilled lawbreakers and subsequently had followed Mrs. Hutchins through a series of experiences relative to the loss of a large amount of property, which she held in trust for a relative of her late husband, and its recovery through the brilliant and energetic endeavors of some of the members of the Camp Fire, particularly Hazel Edwards and Harriet Newcomb. The chief culprit, Percy Teich, a nephew of Mrs. Hutchins' late husband, had been captured, had escaped, had been captured again and lodged in jail, and clews as to the identity of a number of the rest had been worked out by the police, so

that the hope was expressed confidently that eventually they, too, would be caught.

"Mrs. Hutchins is very grateful for the part this Camp Fire took in the recovery of the lost securities of which she was trustee," Katherine announced by way of introducing her "great news" to the members of the Fire who assembled in response to her call. "Of course Hazel did the really big things, assisted and encouraged by the companionship of Harriet and Violet, but Mrs. Hutchins feels like thanking us all for being here and looking pleasant."

Hazel Edwards, niece of Mrs. Hutchins, was not present during this conversation. By prearranged purpose, she was absent from the camp when Katherine put to the other girls the proposition made by the wealthy aunt of their girl hostess. The reason it was decided best for her to remain away while the other girls were considering the plan was that it was feared that her presence might tend to suppress arguments against its acceptance, and that was a possibility which Hazel and her aunt wished to avoid. So Katherine was selected to lay the matter before the Camp Fire because she was no more chummy with Hazel than any of the other girls.

"Let's make this a special business meeting," suggested Miss Ladd, who had already discussed the proposition with Katherine and Mrs. Hutchins. "What Katherine has to say interests you as an organization. You'd have

to bring the matter up at a business meeting anyway to take action on it and our regular one is two weeks ahead. We can't wait that long if we are going to do anything on the subject."

It was a little after 10 o'clock and the girls had been working for the last hour at various occupations which appeared on their several routine schedules for this part of the day. In fact, all of their regular academic and hand-work study hours were in the morning. Just before Katherine called the girls together, they were seated here and there in shaded spots on camp chairs or on the grass in the vicinity of the camp, occupied thus:

Violet Munday and Marie Crismore were studying the lives of well-known Indians. Julietta Hyde and Estelle Adler were reading a book of Indian legends and making a study of Indian symbols. Harriet Newcomb and Azalia Atwood were studying the Camp Fire hand-sign language. Ernestine Johanson and Ethel Zimmerman were crocheting some luncheon sets. Ruth Hazelton and Helen Nash were mending their ceremonial gowns. Marion Stanlock was making a beaded head band and Katherine Crane, secretary of the Fire, was looking over the minutes of the last meeting and preparing a new book in which to enter the records of the next meeting.

Everybody signifying assent to the Guardian's suggestion, a meeting was declared and called to order, the Wohelo Song was sung,

the roll was called, the minutes of the last meeting were read, the reports of the treasurer and committees were deferred, as were also the recording of honors in the Record Book and the decorating of the count, and then the Guardian called for new business. This was the occasion for Katherine to address the meeting formally on the matter she had in mind.

CHAPTER III.

A BOY AND A FORTUNE.

"Now," said Katherine after all the preliminaries of a business meeting had been gone through, "I'll begin all over again, so that this whole proceeding may be thoroughly regular. I admit I went at it rather spasmodically, but you know we girls are constituted along sentimental lines, and that is one of the handicaps we are up against in our efforts to develop strong-willed characters like those of men."

"I don't agree with you," Marie Grismore put in with a rather saucy pout. "I don't believe we are built along sentimental lines at all. I've known lots of men—boys—a few, I mean—and have heard of many more who were just as sentimental as the most sentimental girl."

There were several half-suppressed titters in the semicircle of Camp Fire Girls before whom Katherine stood as she began her address. Marie was an unusually pretty girl, a fact which of itself was quite enough to arouse the humor of laughing eyes when she commented on the sentimentality of the opposite sex. Moreover, her evident confusion as she tangled herself up, in her efforts to avoid personal embarrassment, was exceedingly amusing.

"I would suggest, Katherine," Miss Ladd in-

terposed, "that you be careful to make your statement simple and direct and not say anything that is likely to start an argument. If you will do that we shall be able to get through much more rapidly and more satisfactorily."

Katherine accepted this as good advice and continued along the lines suggested.

"Well, the main facts are these," she said: "Mrs. Hutchins has learned that the child whose property she holds in trust is not being cared for and treated as one would expect a young heir to be treated, and something like $3,000 a year is being paid to the people who have him in charge for his support and education. The people who have him in charge get this money in monthly installments and make no report to anybody as to the welfare of their ward.

"The name of this young heir is Glen Irving. He is a son of Mrs. Hutchins' late husband's nephew. When Glen's father died he left most of his property in trust for the boy and made Mr. Hutchins trustee, and when Mr. Hutchins died, the trusteeship passed on to Mrs. Hutchins under the terms of the will.

"That, you girls know, is the property which was lost for a year and a half following Mr. Hutchins' death because he had hidden the securities where they could not be found. Although Hazel, no doubt assisted very much by Harriet, is really the one who discovered those securities and returned them

to her aunt, still Mrs. Hutchins seems disposed to give us all some of the credit.

"For several months reports have reached Mrs. Hutchins that her grandnephew has not been receiving the best of care from the relatives who have charge of him. She has tried in various ways to find out how much truth there was in these reports, but was unsuccessful. Little Glen, who is only 10 years old, has been in the charge of an uncle and aunt on his mother's side ever since he became an orphan three or four years ago. His father, in his will, named this uncle and aunt as Glen's caretakers, but privately executed another instrument in which he gave Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins guardianship powers to supervise the welfare of little Glen. It was understood that these powers were not to be exercised unless special conditions made it necessary for them to step in and take charge of the boy.

"Mrs. Hutchins wants to find out now whether such conditions exist. At the time of the death of Glen's father, he lived in Baltimore, and his uncle and aunt, who took charge of him, lived there, too. It seems that they were only moderately well-to-do and the $3,000 a year they got for the care and education of the boy was a boon to them. Of course, $3,000 a year was more than was needed, but that was the provision made by his father in his will, and as long as they had possession of the boy they were entitled to the

money. Moreover, Mrs. Hutchins understands that Glen's father desired to pay the caretakers of his child so well that there could be no doubt that he would get the best of everything he needed, particularly education.

"But apparently his father made a big mistake in selecting the persons who were to take the places of father and mother to the little boy. If reports are true, they have been using most of the money on themselves and their own children and Glen has received but indifferent clothes, care, and education. Now I am coming to the main point of my statement to you.

"Mrs. Hutchins talked the matter over with Miss Ladd and me and asked us to put it up to you in this way: She was wondering if we wouldn't like to make a trip to the place where Glen is living and find out how he is treated. Mrs. Hutchins has an idea that we are a pretty clever set of girls and there is no use of trying to argue her out of it. So that much must be agreed to so far as she is concerned. She wants to pay all of our expenses and has worked out quite an elaborate plan; or rather she and her lawyer worked it out together. Really, it is very interesting."

"Why, she wants us to be real detectives," exclaimed Violet Munday excitedly.

"No, don't put it that way," Julietta Hyde objected. "Just say she wants us to take the parts of fourteen Lady Sherlock Holmeses in a Juvenile drama in real life."

"Very cleverly expressed," Miss Ladd remarked admiringly. "Detective is entirely too coarse a term to apply to any of my Camp Fire Girls and I won't stand for it."

"We might call ourselves special agents, operatives, secret emissaries, or mystery probers," Harriet Newcomb suggested.

"Yes, we could expect something like that from our walking dictionary," said Ernestine Johanson. "But whatever we call ourselves, I am ready to vote aye. Come on with your—or Mrs. Hutchins and her lawyers'—plan, Katherine. I'm impatient to hear the rest of it."

Katherine produced an envelope from her middy-blouse pocket and drew from it a folded paper, which she unfolded and spread out before her.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GIRLS VOTE "AYE".

"Before I take up the plan outlined by Mrs. Hutchins and her lawyer," Katherine continued, as she unfolded the paper, "I want to explain one circumstance that might be confusing if left unexplained. As I said, the uncle and aunt who have Glen in charge live in Baltimore. They do not own any real estate, but rent a rather expensive apartment, which they never could support on the family income aside from the monthly payments received from Mrs. Hutchins as trustee of Glen's estate. This family's name is Graham, and its head, James Graham, is a bookkeeper receiving a salary of about $1,800 a year. In these war times, when the cost of living is so high, that is a very moderate salary on which to support a family of six: father, mother, two girls and two boys, including Glen.

"But this family, according to reports that have reached Mrs. Hutchins, is living in clover. Mr. Graham, who is a hard working man, still holds his bookkeeping position, but in this instance it is a case of 'everybody loafs but father.' He is said to be a very much henpecked husband. Mrs. Graham is said to be the financial dictator of the family.

"Now, Mrs. Graham seems to be a woman of much social ambition. Among the necessaries of the best social equipment, you know,

is a summer cottage in a society summer resort with sufficient means to support it respectably and leisure in the summer to spend at the resort. It is said that the Grahams have all this. They have purchased or leased a cottage at Twin Lakes, which you know is only about a hundred miles from Hiawatha Institute. I think that every one of us has been there at one time or another. It is about three hundred miles from here.

"What Mrs. Hutchins wants us to do is to make a trip to Twin Lakes, pitch our tents and start a Camp Fire program just as if we were there to put in a season of recreation and honor work. But meanwhile, she wants us to become acquainted with the Graham family, cultivate an intimacy with them, if you please, and be able to report back to her just what conditions we find in their family circle, just how Glen is treated, and whether or not he gets reasonable benefits from the money given to the Grahams for his support and education.

"I have given you in detail, I think, what is outlined on this paper I hold in my hand. I don't think I have left out anything except the names of the children of the Graham family. But there are no names at all on this paper. The reason for this is that it was thought best not to disclose the identity of the family for the information of any other person into whose hands it might fall, if it should be lost by us. The names are indicated thus:

'A' stands for the oldest member of the family, Mrs. Graham, for she is two years older than her husband and the real head of the household; 'B' stands for the next younger, Mr. Graham; 'C' stands for Addie, the oldest daughter; 'D' for the next daughter, Olga; 'E' for the only son, James, named after his father; and 'F' stands for Glen. There, you have the whole proposition. What do you want to do with it? Mrs. Hutchins, I neglected to mention, wants to pay all of our expenses and hire help to take off our hands all the labor of moving our camp."

Replies were not slow coming. Nearly every one of the girls had something to say, as indicated by the eager attitudes of all and requests from several to be recognized by the Guardian, who was "in the chair." Azalia Atwood was the first one called upon.

"I think the proposition of Mrs. Hutchins is simply great," the latter declared with vim. "It's delightfully romantic, sounds like a story with a plot, and would make fourteen heroines out of us if we were successful in our mission."

"I want to warn you against one danger," Miss Ladd interposed at this point. "The natural thing for you to do at the start, after hearing this lengthy indictment of the Graham family, is to conclude that they are a bad lot and to feel an eagerness to set out to prove it. Now, I admit that that is my feeling in this matter, but I know also that there is a

possibility of mistake. The Grahams may be high class people, but they may have enemies who are trying to injure them. If you take up the proposition of Mrs. Hutchins, you must keep this possibility in mind, for unless you do, you might do not only the Grahams a great injustice, but little Glen as well. It would be a pity to tear him away from a perfectly good home that has been vilified by false accusations made by unscrupulous enemies."

The discussion was continued for nearly an hour, the written instructions in Katherine's possession were read aloud and then a vote was taken. It was unanimous, in favor of performing the task proposed by Mrs. Hutchins.

CHAPTER V.

HONORS AND SPIES.

"Why couldn't this expedition be arranged so that we girls could all win some honors out of it?" Ruth Hazelton inquired, after the details of Mrs. Hutchins' plan had been discussed thoroughly and the vote had been taken.

"That is a good suggestion," said Miss Ladd. "What kind of honors would you propose, Ruth?"

The latter was silent for some minutes. She was going over in her mind the list of home-craft, health-craft, camp-craft, hand-craft, nature-lore, business and patriotism honors provided for by the organization, but none of them seemed to fit in with the program of the proposed secret investigation.

"I don't think of any," she said at last. "There aren't any, are there?"

"No, there are not," the Guardian replied. "But now is the time for the exercise of a little ingenuity. Who speaks first with an idea?"

"I have one," announced Ethel Zimmerman eagerly.

"Well, what is it, Ethel?" Miss Ladd inquired.

"Local honors," replied the girl with the first idea. "Each Camp Fire is authorized to create local honors and award special beads

and other emblems to those who make the requirements."

"Under what circumstances is such a proceeding authorized?" was Miss Ladd's next question.

"When it is found that local conditions call for the awarding of honors not provided for in the elective list."

"Do such honors count for anything in the qualifications for higher rank?"

"They do not," Ethel answered like a pupil who had learned her lesson very well and felt no hesitancy in making her recitation.

"What kind of honor would you confer on me if I exhibited great skill in spying on someone else?" asked Helen Nash in her usual cool and deliberate manner.

A problematical smile lit up the faces of several of the girls who caught the significance of this suggestion. Miss Ladd smiled, too, but not so problematically.

"You mean to point out the incongruity of honors and spies, I presume," the Guardian interpreted, addressing Helen.

"Not very seriously," the latter replied with an expression of dry humor. "I couldn't resist the temptation to ask the question and, moreover, it occurred to me that a little discussion on the subject of honors and spies might help to complete our study of the problem before us."

"Do you mean that we are going to be spies?" Violet Munday questioned.

"Why, of course we are," Helen replied, with a half-twinkle in her eyes.

"I don't like the idea of spying on anybody and would rather call it something else," said Marie Crismore. "First someone calls us detectives and then somebody calls us spies. What next? Ugh!"

"Why don't you like to spy on anybody?" asked Harriet Newcomb.

"Well," Marie answered hesitatingly; "you know that there are thousands of foreign spies in this country trying to help our enemies in Europe, and I don't like to be classed with them."

"That's patriotic," said Helen, the twinkle in her eyes becoming brighter. "But you must remember that there are spies and spies, good spies and bad spies. All of our law-enforcement officials are spies in their attempts to crush crime. Your mother was a spy when she watched you as a little tot stealing into the pantry to poke your fist into the jam. That is what Mrs. Hutchins suspects is taking place now. Someone has got his or her fist in the jam. We must go and peek in through the pantry door."

"Oh, if you put it that way, it'll be lots of fun," Marie exclaimed eagerly. "I'd just like to catch 'em with their fists all — all — smeared!"

She brought the last word out so ecstatically that everybody laughed.

"I'm afraid you have fallen into the pit that

I warned you against," Miss Ladd said, addressing Marie. "You mustn't start out eager to prove the persons, under suspicion, guilty."

"Then we must drive out of our minds the picture of the fists smeared with jam," deplored Marie with a playful pout.

"I fear that you must," was the smiling concurrence of the Guardian.

"Very well; I'm a good soldier," said Marie, straightening up as if ready to "shoulder arms." "I won't imagine any jam until I see it."

"Here comes Hazel," cried Julietta, and everybody looked in the direction indicated.

Hazel Edwards had taken advantage of this occasion to go to her aunt's house and thence to the city Red Cross headquarters for a new supply of yarn for their army and navy knitting. As she emerged from the timber and continued along the edge of the woods toward the site of the camp, the assembled campers could see that she carried a good-sized bundle under one arm.

"She's got some more yarn, and we can now take up our knitting again," said Ethel Zimmerman, who had proved herself to be the most rapid of all the members of the Camp Fire with the needles.

Although the business of the meeting was finished, by tacit agreement those present decided not to adjourn until Hazel arrived and received official notice of what had been done.

"I'm delighted with your decision," Hazel

said eagerly. "And, do you know, I believe we are going to have some adventure. I've been talking the matter over with Aunt Hannah and she has told me a lot of very interesting things. But when do you want to go?"

"We haven't discussed that yet," Miss Ladd replied. "I suppose we could go almost any time."

"Let's go at once," proposed Marion Stanlock. "We haven't anything to keep us here and we can come back as soon as—as soon as we find the jam on somebody's fist."

This figure of speech called for an explanation for Hazel's benefit. Then Ruth Hazelton moved that the Camp Fire place itself at Mrs. Hutchins' service to leave for Twin Lakes as soon as she thought best, and this motion was carried unanimously.

"I move that Katherine Crane be appointed a committee of one to notify Mrs. Hutchins of our action and get instructions from her for our next move," said Violet Munday.

"Second the motion," said Azalia Atwood.

"Question!" shouted Harriet Newcomb.

"Those in favor say aye," said Miss Ladd.

A hearty chorus of "ayes" was the response.

"Contrary minded, no."

Silence.

"The ayes have it."

The meeting adjourned.

CHAPTER VI.

A TELEGRAM EN ROUTE.

At 9 o'clock in the morning two days later, a train of three coaches, two sleepers and a parlor car, pulled out of Fairberry northwest bound. It was a clear midsummer day, not oppressively warm. The atmosphere had been freshened by a generous shower of rain a few hours before sunup.

In the parlor car near one end sat a group of thirteen girls and one young woman. The latter, Miss Ladd, Guardian of Flamingo Camp Fire, we will hereafter designate as "one of the girls." She was indeed scarcely more than a girl, having passed her voting majority by less than a year.

The last two days had been devoted principally to preparations for this trip. Mrs. Hutchins had engaged two men who struck the tents and packed these and all the other camp paraphernalia and expressed the entire outfit to Twin Lakes station. On the morning before us, Mrs. Hutchins accompanied the fourteen girls to the train at the Fairberry depot and bade them good-bye and wished them success in their enterprise.

There were few other passengers in the parlor car when the Camp Fire Girls entered. One old gentleman obligingly moved forward from a seat at the rear end, and the new pas-

sengers were able to occupy a section all by themselves.

Before starting for the train, Miss Ladd called her little flock of "spies" together and gave them a short lecture.

"Now, girls," she said with keen deliberation, "we are about to embark on a venture that has in it elements which will put many of your qualities to severe test. And these tests are going to begin right away. Perhaps the first will be a test of your ability to hold your tongues. That's pretty hard for a bevy of girls who like to talk better than anything else, isn't it?"

"Do you really mean to accuse us of liking to talk better than anything else?" inquired Marie Crismore, flushing prettily.

"I didn't say so, did I?" was the Guardian's answering query.

"Not exactly. But you meant it, didn't you?"

"I refuse to be pinned down to an answer," replied Miss Ladd, smiling enigmatically. "I suspect that if I leave you something to guess about on that subject it may sink in deeper. Now, can any of you surmise what specifically I am driving at?"

Nobody ventured an answer, and Miss Ladd continued:

"Don't talk about our mission to Twin Lakes except on secret occasions. Don't drop remarks now and then or here and there that may be overheard and make someone listen

for more. For instance, on the train, forget that you are on anything except a mere pleasure trip or Camp Fire excursion. Be absolutely certain that you don't drop any remarks that might arouse anybody's curiosity or suspicion. It might, you know, get to the very people whom we wish to keep in ignorance concerning our moves and motives."

"I see you are bound to make sure enough spies out of us," said Marie Crismore pertly. "Well, I'm going to start out with the determination of pulling my hat down over my eyes, hiding in every shadow I see and peeking around every corner I can get to. Oh, I'm going to be some sleuth, believe me."

"What will you say when you catch somebody with jam on his fingers?" Harriet Newcomb inquired.

Marie leaned forward eagerly and answered dramatically:

"I'll suddenly appear before the villain and shout: 'Halt, you are my prisoner! Throw up your jammed hands!' "

After the laugh that greeted this response subsided, Miss Ladd closed her lecture thus:

"I think you all appreciate the importance now of keeping your thoughts to yourselves except when we are in conference. I'm glad to see you have a lot of fun over this subject, but don't let your gay spirits cause you to permit any unguarded remarks to escape."

On the train the girls all got out their knitting, and soon their needles were plying mer-

rily away on sleeveless sweaters, socks, helmets, and wristlets for the boys at the front, timing their work by their wrist watches for patriotism honors. True to their resolve, following Miss Ladd's warning lecture, they kept the subject of their mission out of their conversation, and it is probable that no reference to it would have been made during the entire 300-mile journey if something had not happened which forced it keenly to the attention of every one of them.

The train on which they were traveling was a limited and the first stop was fifty miles from Fairberry. A few moments after the train stopped, a telegraph messenger walked into the front entrance of the parlor car and called out:

"Telegram for Miss Harriet Ladd."

The latter arose and received the message, signed the receipt blank, and tore open the envelope. Imagine her astonishment as she read the following:

"Miss Harriet Ladd, parlor car, Pocahontas Limited: Attorney Pierce Langford is on your train, first coach. Bought ticket for Twin Lakes. Small man, squint eyes, smooth face. Watch out for him. Letter follows telegram. Mrs. Hannah Hutchins."

CHAPTER VII.

A DOUBLE-ROOM MYSTERY.

Miss Ladd passed the telegram around among the girls after writing the following explanation at the foot of the message:

"Pierce Langford is the Fairberry attorney that represented scheming relatives of Mrs. Hutchins' late husband, who attempted to force money out of her after the disappearance of the securities belonging to Glen Irving's estate. Leave this matter to me and don't talk about it until we reach Twin Lakes."

Nothing further was said about the incident during the rest of the journey, as requested by Miss Ladd. The girls knitted, rested, chatted, read, and wrote a few postcards or "train letters" to friends. But although there was not a word of conversation among the Camp Fire members relative to the passenger named in Mrs. Hutchins' telegram, yet the subject was not absent from their minds much of the time.

They were being followed! No other construction could be put upon the telegram. But for what purpose? What did the unscrupulous lawyer—that was the way Mrs. Hutchins had once referred to Pierce Langford—have in mind to do? Would he make trouble for them in any way that would place them in an

embarrassing position? These girls had had experiences in the last year which were likely to make them apprehensive of almost anything under such circumstances as these.

Warned of the presence on the train of a probable agent of the family that Mrs. Hutchins had under suspicion, the girls were constantly on the alert for some evidence of his interest in them and their movements. And they were rewarded to this extent: In the course of the journey, Langford paid the conductor the extra mileage for parlor car privileges, and as he transferred from the coach, not one of the Flamingoites failed to observe the fact that in personal appearance he answered strikingly the description of the man referred to in the telegram received by Miss Ladd.

The squint-eyed man of mystery, in the coolest and most nonchallant manner, took a seat a short distance in front of the bevy of knitting Camp Fire Girls, unfolded a newspaper and appeared to bury himself in its contents, oblivious to all else about him.

Half an hour later he arose and left the car, passing out toward the rear end of the train. Another half hour elapsed and he did not reappear. Then Katherine Crane and Hazel Edwards put away their knitting and announced that they were going back into the observation car and look over the magazines. They did not communicate to each other their real purpose in making this move, but neither

had any doubt as to what was going on in the mind of the other. Marie Crismore looked at them with a little squint of intelligence and said as she arose from her chair:

"I think I'll go, too, for a change."

But this is what she interpolated to herself:

"They're going back there to spy, and I think I'll go and spy, too."

They found Langford in the observation car, apparently asleep in a chair. Katherine, who entered first, declared afterwards that she was positive she saw him close his eyes like a flash and lapse into an appearance of drowsiness, but if she was not in error, his subsequent manner was a very clever simulation of midday slumber. Three or four times in the course of the next hour he shifted his position and half opened his eyes, but drooped back quickly into the most comfortable appearance of somnolent lassitude.

The three girls were certain that all this was pure "make-believe," but they did not communicate their conviction to each other by look or suggestion of any kind. They played their part very well, and it is quite possible that Langford, peeking through his eyewinkers, was considerably puzzled by their manner. He had no reason to believe that he was known to them by name or reputation, much less by personal appearance.

It was in fact a game of spy on both sides during most of the journey, with little but

mystifying results. The train reached Twin Lakes at about sundown, and even then the girls had discovered no positive evidence as to the "squint-eyed man's" purpose in taking the trip they were taking. And Langford, as he left the train, could not confidently say to himself that he had detected any suggestion of interest on their part because of his presence on the train.

Flamingo Camp Fire rode in an omnibus to the principal hotel in the town, the Crandell house, and were assigned to rooms on the second floor. They had had their supper on the train and proceeded at once to prepare for a night's rest. Still no words were exchanged among them relative to the purpose of their visit or the mysterious, squint-eyed passenger concerning whom all of them felt an irrepressible curiosity and not a little apprehension.

Miss Ladd occupied a room with Katherine Crane. After making a general survey of the floor and noting the location of the rooms of the other girls, they entered their own apartment and closed the door. Marie Crismore and Julietta Hyde occupied the room immediately south of theirs, but to none of them had the room immediately north been assigned.

"I wonder if the next room north is occupied," Katherine remarked as she took off her hat and laid it on a shelf in the closet.

"Someone is entering now," Miss Ladd

whispered, lifting her hand with a warning for low-toned conversation.

The exchange of a few indistinct words between two persons could be heard; then one of them left, and the other was heard moving about in the room.

"That's one of the hotel men who just brought a new guest up," Katherine remarked.

"And I'm going to find out who it is," the Guardian declared in a low tone, turning toward the door.

"I'll go with you," said Katherine, and together they went down to the office.

They sought the register at once and began looking over the list of arrivals. Presently Miss Ladd pointed with her finger the following registration:

"Pierce Langford, Fairberry, Room 36."

Miss Ladd and Katherine occupied Room 35.

"Anything you wish, ladies?" asked the proprietor, who stood behind the desk.

"Yes," Miss Ladd answered. "We want another room."

"I'll have to give you single rooms, if that one is not satisfactory," was the reply. "All my double rooms are filled."

"Isn't 36 a double room?" Katherine inquired.

"Yes, but it's occupied. I just sent a man up there."

"Excuse the question," Miss Ladd said curi-

ously; "but why did you put one person in a double room when it was the only double room you had and there were vacant single rooms in the house?"

The hotel keeper smiled pleasantly, as if the question was the simplest in the world to answer.

"Because he insisted on having it and paid me double rate in advance," was the landlord's startling reply.

CHAPTER VIII.

PLANNING IN SECRET.

Without a word of comment relative to this remarkable information, Miss Ladd turned and started back upstairs, and Katherine followed. In the hall at the upper landing, the Guardian whispered thus in the ear of her roommate:

"Sh! Don't say a word or commit an act that could arouse suspicion. He's probably listening, or looking, or both. Just forget this subject and talk about the new middy-blouse you are making, or something like that. Don't gush, either, or he may suspect your motive. We want to throw him off the track if possible."

But Katherine preferred to say little, for she was tired, and made haste to get into bed. It was not long before the subject of their plans and problems and visions of spies and "jam-stained fists" were lost in the lethe of dreamland.

They were awakened in the morning by the first breakfast bell and arose at once. They dressed hurriedly and went at once to the dining-room, where they found two of the girls ahead of them. The others appeared presently.

As the second bell rang, Pierce Langford sauntered into the room and took a seat near

the table occupied by Helen Nash and Violet Munday. He looked about him in a half-vacant inconsequential way and then began to "jolly" the waitress, who approached and sung off a string of alternates on the "Hooverized" bill of fare which she carried in her mind. She coldly ignored his "jollies," for it was difficult for Langford to be pleasing even when he tried to be pleasant, took his order, and proceeded on her way.

The girls paid no further attention to the supposed spy-lawyer during breakfast, and the latter appeared to pay no further attention to them. After the meal, Miss Ladd called the girls together and suggested that they take a walk. Then she dismissed them to prepare. Twenty minutes later they reassembled, clad in khaki middy suits, brown sailor hats, and hiking shoes, and the walk was begun along a path that led down a wooded hill behind the hotel and toward the nearest lake.

It was not so much for exercise and fresh air that this "hike" was taken as for an opportunity to hold a conference where there was little likelihood of its being overheard. They picked a grassy knoll near the lake, shaded by a border of oak and butternut trees, and sat down close together in order that they might carry on a conversation in subdued tones.

"Now," said Miss Ladd, "we'll begin to form our plans. You all realize, I think, that we have an obstacle to work against that we did

not reckon on when we started. But that need not surprise us. In fact, as I think matters over, it would have been surprising if something of the kind had not occurred. This man Langford is undoubtedly here to block our plans. If that is true, in a sense it is an advantage to us."

"Why?" Hazel Edwards inquired.

"I don't like the idea of answering questions of that kind without giving you girls an opportunity to answer them," the Guardian returned. "Now, who can tell me why it is an advantage to us to be followed by someone in the employ of the people whom we have been sent to investigate."

"I think I can answer it," Hazel said quickly, observing that two or three of the other girls seemed to have something to say. "Let me speak first, please. I asked the foolish question and want a chance to redeem myself."

"I wouldn't call it foolish," was the Guardian's reassuring reply. "It was a very natural question and one that comparatively few people would be able to answer without considerable study. And yet, it is simple after you once get it. But go ahead and redeem yourself."

"The fact that someone has been put on our trail to watch us is pretty good evidence that something wrong is going on," said Hazel. "You warned us not to be sure that anybody is guilty until we see the jam on his fist. But we can work more confidently if we are rea-

sonably certain that there is something to work for. If this man Langford is in the employ of the Grahams and is here watching us for them, we may be reasonably certain that Aunt Hannah was right in her suspicions about the way little Glen is being treated, may we not?"

"That is very good, Hazel," Miss Ladd commented enthusiastically. "Many persons a good deal older than you could not have stated the situation as clearly as you have stated it. Yes, I think I may say that I am almost glad that we are being watched by a spy.

"But I didn't call you out here to have a long talk with you, girls. There really isn't much to say right now. First I wanted you all to understand clearly that we are being watched and for what purpose. Langford convicted himself when he asked for the double room next to the one occupied by Katherine and me and offered to pay the regular rate for two. He thinks that he is able to maintain an appearance of utter disinterest in us and throw us off our guard. But he overdoes the thing. He makes too big an effort to appear unconscious of our presence. It doesn't jibe at all with the expression of decided interest I have caught on his face on two or three occasions. And I flatter myself that I successfully concealed my interest in his interest in us.

"Now, there are two things I want to say to you, and we will return. First, do your best, every one of you, to throw Langford off

the track by affecting the most innocent disinterest in him as of no more importance to us than the most obscure tourist on earth. Don't overdo it. Just make yourselves think that he is of no consequence and act accordingly without putting forth any effort to do so. The best way to effect this is to forget all about our mission when he is around.

"Second, we must find out where the Graham cottage is and then determine where we want to locate our camp—somewhere in the vicinity of the Graham cottage, of course."

"Let me go out on a scouting expedition to find out where they live," Katherine requested.

"And let me go with her," begged Ruth Hazelton.

"All right," Miss Ladd assented. "I'll commission you two to act as spies to approach the border of the enemy's country and make a map of their fortifications. But whatever you do, don't get caught. Keep your heads, don't do anything foolish or spasmodic, and keep this thing well in mind, that it is far better for you to come back empty handed than to make them suspicious of any ulterior motive on your part."

CHAPTER IX.

FURTHER PLANS.

"Now, girls," said Miss Ladd, addressing Katherine and Hazel, "let me hear what your plan is, if you have any. If you haven't any, we must get busy and work one out, for you must not start such an enterprise without having some idea as to how you should go about it. But I will assume that a suggestion must have come to you as to how best to get the first information we want or you would not have volunteered."

"Can't we work out an honor plan as we decide upon our duties and how we are to perform them?" Hazel inquired.

"Certainly," the Guardian replied, "I was going to suggest that very thing. What would you propose, Hazel?"

"Well, something like this," the latter replied: "that each of us be assigned to some specific duty to perform in the work before it, and that we be awarded honors for performing those duties intelligently and successfully."

"Very well. I suppose this work you and Katherine have selected may count toward the winning of a head for each of you. But what will you do after you have finished this task, which can hardly consume more than a f[illegible]urs?"

"Why not make them a permanent squad of scouts to go out and gather advance information needed at any time before we can determine what to do?" Marion Stanlock suggested.

"That's a good idea," Miss Ladd replied. "But it will have to come up at a business meeting of the Camp Fire in order that honors may be awarded regularly. Meanwhile I will appoint you two girls as scouts of the Fire, and this can be confirmed at the next business meeting. We will also stipulate the condition on which honors will be awarded. But how will you go about to get the information we now need."

"First, I would look in the general residence directory to find out where the Grahams live," Katherine replied.

"Yes, that is perhaps the best move to make first. But the chances are you will get nothing there. Can you tell me why?"

"Because there are probably few summer cottages within the city limits," Hazel volunteered.

"Exactly," the Guardian agreed. "Well, if the city directory fails to give you any information, what would you do next?"

"Consult a telephone directory," Katherine said quickly.

"Fine!" Miss Ladd exclaimed. "What then?"

"They probably have a telephone; wouldn't be much society folks if they didn't," Kather-

ine continued; "and there would, no doubt, be some sort of address for them in the 'phone book."

"Yes."

"And that would give us some sort of guide for beginning our search. We wouldn't have to use the names of the people we are looking for."

"That is excellent!" Miss Ladd exclaimed enthusiastically. "If you two scouts use your heads as cleverly as that all the time, you ought to get along fine in your work. But go on. What next would you do?"

"Go and find out where the people live. That needn't be hard. Then we'd look over the lay of the land to see if there were a good place near-by for us to pitch our tents."

"Yes," put in Hazel; "and if we found a good place near-by, we'd begin the real work that we came here to do by going to the Graham house and asking who owns the land."

"Fine again," Miss Ladd said. "I couldn't do better myself, maybe not as well. I did think of going with you on your first trip, but I guess I'll leave it all to you. Let's go back to the hotel now, and while you two scouts are gone scouting, the rest of us will find something to entertain us. Maybe we'll take a motorboat ride."

They started back at once and were soon at the hotel. Katherine and Hazel decided that they would not even look for the address of the Grahams in the directories at the hotel.

but would go to a drug store on the main business street for this information.

The other girls waited on the hotel portico while they were away on this mission. They were gone about twenty minutes and returned with a supply of picture post-cards to mail to their friends. On a piece of paper Katherine had written an address and she showed it to Miss Ladd. Here is what the latter read:

"Stony Point."

"That's about three miles up the lake," Hazel said. "We thought we'd hire an automobile and go up there."

"Do," said Miss Ladd approvingly. "And we'll take a motorboat and ride up that way too, if we can get one. Oh, I have the idea now. We'll make it a double inspection, part by land and part from the lake. We'll meet you at a landing at Stony Point, if there is one, and will bring you back in the boat. Now, you, Katherine and Hazel, wait here while I go and find a motorboatman and make arrangements with him."

"I'll go with you," said Violet Munday.

The Guardian and Violet hastened down toward the main boat landing while the other twelve girls waited eagerly for a successful report on this part of the proposed program.

CHAPTER X.

A TRIP TO STONY POINT.

Miss Ladd and Violet returned in about twenty minutes and reported that satisfactory arrangements had been made for a trip up the lake. They were to start in an hour and a half.

Then Katherine and Hazel engaged an automobile for a few hours' drive and before the motorboat started with its load of passengers, they were speeding along a hard macadam road toward the point around which centered the interest of their interrupted vacation plans at Fairberry and their sudden departure on a very unusual and very romantic journey.

Twin Lakes is a summer-resort town located on the lower of two bodies of water, similar in size, configuration, and scenery. The town has a more or less fixed population of about 2,500, most of whom are retired folk of means or earn their living directly or indirectly through the supplying of amusements, comfort, and sustenance for the thousands of pleasure and recreation seekers that visit the place every year.

Each of the lakes is about four miles long and half as wide. A narrow river, strait, or rapids nearly a mile long connects the two. Originally this rapids was impassable by boats larger than canoes, and even such little craft

were likely to be overturned unless handled by strong and skillful canoemen; but some years earlier the state had cleared this passage by removing numerous great boulders and shelves of rock from the bed of the stream so that although the water rushed along just as swiftly as ever, the passage was nevertheless safe for all boats of whatever draught that moved on the two lakes which it connected.

The lower of the twin bodies of water had been named Twin-One because, perhaps, it was the first one seen, or more often seen by those who chose or approved the name; the other was Twin-Two. Geographically speaking, it may be, these names should have been applied vice versa, for Twin-Two was fed first by a deep and wide river whose source was in the mountains 200 miles away, and Twin-One received these waters after they had laved the shores of Twin-Two.

The road followed by Katherine and Hazel in their automobile drive to Stony Point was a well-kept thoroughfare running from the south end of Twin-One, in gracefully curved windings along the east border of the lake, sometimes over a small stretch of rough or hilly shoreland, but usually through heavy growths of hemlock, white pine, oak, and other trees more or less characteristic of the country. Here and there along the way was a cottage, or summer house of more pretentious proportions, usually constructed near the water or some distance up on the side of

the hill-shore, with a kind of terrace-walk leading down to a boat landing.

The trip was quickly made. Stony Point the girls found to be a picturesque spot not at all devoid of the verdant beauties of nature in spite of the fact that, geographically, it was well named. This name was due principally to a rock-formed promontory, jutting out into the lake at this point and seeming to be bedded deep into the lofty shore-elevation. Right here was a cluster of cottages, not at all huddled together, but none the less a cluster if viewed from a distance upon the lake, and in this group of summer residences appeared to be almost sufficient excuse for the drawing up of a petition for incorporation as a village. But very few of the owners of these houses lived in them during the winter months. The main and centrally located group consisted of a hotel and a dozen or more cottages, known as "The Hemlocks," and so advertised in the outing and vacation columns of newspapers of various cities.

On arriving at "the Point," Katherine and Hazel paid the chauffeur and informed him they would not need his machine any more that day. Then they began to look about them.

They were rather disappointed and decidedly puzzled at what they saw. Evidently they had a considerable search before them to discover the location of the Graham cottage without making open inquiry as to where it

stood. First they walked out upon the promontory, which had a flat table-like surface and was well suited for the arousing of the curiosity of tourists. There they had a good view up and down the bluff-jagged, hilly and tree-laden coast.

"It's 11 o'clock now," said Hazel, looking at her wrist-watch. "The motorboat will be here at about 1 o'clock, and we have two hours in which to get the information we are after unless we want to share honors for success with the other girls when they arrive."

"Let's take a walk through this place and see what we can see," Katherine suggested. "The road we came along runs through it and undoubtedly there are numerous paths."

This seemed to be the best thing to do, and the two girls started from the Point toward the macadam highway. The latter was soon reached and they continued along this road northward from the place where they dismissed the automobile. Half a mile they traveled in this direction, their course keeping well along the lake shore. They passed several cottages of designedly rustic appearance and buried, as it were, amid a wealth of tree foliage and wild entanglements of shrubbery. Suddenly Katherine caught hold of Hazel's arm and held her back.

"Did you hear that?" she inquired.

"Yes, I did," Hazel replied. "It sounded like a child's voice, crying."

"And not very far away, either. Listen; there it is again."

It was a half-smothered sob that reached their ears and seemed to come from a clump of bushes to the left of the road not more than a dozen yards away. Both girls started for the spot, circling around the bushes and peering carefully, cautiously ahead of them as they advanced. The subdued sobs continued and led the girls directly to the spot whence they came.

Presently they found themselves standing over the form of a little boy, his frightened, tear-stained face turned up toward them while he shrank back into the bushes as if fearing the approach of a fellow human being.

CHAPTER XI.

MISS PERFUME INTERFERES.

The little fellow retreated into the bushes as far as he could get and crouched there in manifest terror. Katherine and Hazel spoke gently, sympathetically to him, but with no result, at first, except to frighten him still more, if possible.

"Don't be afraid, little boy," Hazel said, reaching out her hands toward him. "We won't hurt you."

But he only shrank back farther, putting up his hands before his face and crying, "Don't, don't!"

"What can be the matter with him?" said Hazel. "He doesn't seem to be demented. He's really afraid of something."

Katherine looked all around carefully through the trees and into the neighboring bushes.

"I can't imagine what it can be," she replied. "There's nothing in sight that could do him any harm. But, do you know, Hazel, I have an idea that may be worth considering. Suppose this should prove to be the little boy for whom we are looking."

"That could hardly be," Hazel answered dubiously. "Look at his threadbare clothes, and how unkempt and neglected he appears to be. He surely doesn't look like a boy for whose care $250 is paid every month."

"Don't forget what it was that sent us here," Katherine reminded. "Isn't it just possible that this little boy's fright is proof of the very condition we came here to expose?"

"Yes, it's possible," Hazel replied thoughtfully. "At least, we ought not neglect to find out what this means."

Then turning again to the crouching figure in the bushes, she said:

"What is your name, little boy? Is it Glen?"

At the utterance of this name, the youth shook as with ague.

"Look out, Hazel; he'll have a spasm," Katherine cautioned. "He thinks we are not his friends and are going to do something he doesn't want us to do. Let me talk to him:

"Listen, little boy," she continued, addressing the pitiful crouching figure. "We're not going to hurt you. We'll do just what you want us to do. We'll take you where you want to go. Will that be all right?"

A relaxing of the tense attitude of the boy indicated that he was somewhat reassured by these words. His fists went suddenly to his eyes and he began to sob hysterically. Hazel moved toward him with more sympathetic reassurance, when there was an interruption of proceedings from a new source.

A girl about 18 years old stepped up in front of the two Camp Fire Girls and reached forward as if to seize the juvenile refugee with both hands. She was rather ultra-stylishly

clad for a negligee, summer-resort community, wearing a pleated taffeta skirt and Georgette crepe waist and a white sailor hat of expensive straw with a bright blue ribbon around the crown. Hazel afterwards remarked that "her face was as cold as an iceberg and the odor of perfume about her was enough to asphyxiate a field of phlox and shooting-stars."

The boy ceased sobbing as he beheld this new arrival and his face became white with fear, while he shrank back again into the bushes as far as he could get. The girl of much perfume and stylish attire seemed to be unmoved by the new panic that seized him, but took hold of him and dragged him roughly out of his hiding place.

"Oh, do be careful," pleaded Hazel. "Don't you see he's scared nearly to death? You may throw him into a spasm."

"Is that any of your business?" the captor of the frightened youth snapped, looking defiantly at the one who addressed her. "He's my brother, and I guess I can take him back home without any interference from a perfect stranger. He's run away."

"I beg your pardon," Hazel said gently; "but it didn't seem to me to be an ordinary case of fright. I didn't mean to intrude, but he's such a dear little boy I couldn't help being sympathetic."

"He's a naughty bad runaway and ought to be whipped," the girl with the cold face re-

turned as she started along a path through the timber, dragging the little fellow after her.

"Isn't that a shame!" Hazel muttered, digging her fingernails into the palms of her hands. "My, but I just like to——"

She stopped for want of words to express her feelings not too riotously, and Katherine came to her relief by swinging the subject along a different track.

"Do you really believe that boy is Glen Irving?" she inquired.

"No, I suppose not," Hazel answered dejectedly. "You heard that girl say he was her brother, didn't you? Well, Glen has no sister. But, do you know, I really am disappointed to find that he isn't the boy we are looking for, for my heart went right out to him when I first saw his crouching form and white face. Moreover, I can hardly bear the thought of leaving him in the hands of that frosted bottle of cheap Cologne."

Katherine laughed at the figure.

"You've painted her picture right," she said warmly. "Come on, let's follow her. We have as much right to go that way as she has, and we must go someway anyway."

"All right; lead the way," Hazel said with smiling emphasis on the "way" to direct attention to Katherine's phonetic repetition.

The latter started along the path that had been taken by the girl and her frightened prisoner, and Hazel followed. The two in ad-

vance were by this time out of sight beyond a thicket of bushes and small trees, but Katherine and Hazel did not hasten their steps, as they preferred to trust to the path to guide their steps rather than the view of the persons they sought to follow. In fact, they preferred to trust to the element of chance rather than run a risk of arousing the suspicion of the cold-faced girl with the perfume.

Only once did they catch sight of the boy and his captor in the course of their hesitating pursuit, and this view was so satisfactory that they stopped short in order to avoid possible detection if the girl should look back. A turn in the path brought them to the hip of the elevation where the ground began to slope down to the lake and near the downward bend of this beach-hill was a rustic cottage, with an equally rustic garage to the rear and on one side a cleared space for a tennis court. At the door of the cottage was the girl with the pleated skirt and white sailor hat, still leading the now submissive but quivering youth.

"Fine!" Katherine exclaimed under her breath. "Things have turned out just right. If that should prove to be the Graham home we couldn't wish for better luck. Come on; let's back through the timber and approach this place from another direction. They mustn't suspect that we followed that girl and the little boy."

CHAPTER XII.

THE MAN IN THE AUTO.

Cautiously Katherine and Hazel withdrew from the path into a thicket and thence retreated along the path by which they had approached the house. They continued their retreat to the point where the path joined the automobile road and where grew the thicket within which they had discovered the frightened runaway child.

"Now, I tell you what we ought to do," Katherine said. "We ought to follow this road about a mile, maybe, to get a view of the lay of the land and then return to this spot, or near it. We can get the information we want after we learn more of the camping possibilities of this neighborhood and can talk intelligently when we begin to make inquiries."

"And when we get back," Hazel added, "we'll go to some neighboring house and ask all about who lives here and who lives there, and, of course, we'll be particular to ask the name of the family where that icy bottle of perfume lives."

"That's the very idea," Katherine agreed enthusiastically. "But we haven't any time to waste, for it is nearly 12 o'clock now, and we have only a little more than an hour to work in if the motorboat arrives on time.

We'd better not try to walk a mile—half a mile will be enough, maybe a quarter—just enough to enable us to talk intelligently about the lay of the land right around here."

They walked north along the road nearly half a mile, found a path which led directly toward the lake, followed it until within view of the water's edge, satisfied themselves that there were several excellent camping places along the shore in this vicinity and then started back. They had passed three or four cottages on their way and at one of these they stopped to make inquiries as planned.

A pleasant-faced woman in comfortable domestic attire met them at the door and answered their questions with a readiness that bespoke familiarity with the neighborhood and acquaintance with her neighbors. Katherine and Hazel experienced no slight difficulty in concealing their eager satisfaction when Mrs. Scott, the woman they were questioning, said:

"The people who have the cottage just north of us are the Pruitts of Wilmington, those just south of us are the Ertsmans of Richmond, and those just south of the Ertsmans are the Grahams of Baltimore, I think. I am not very well acquainted with that family. I am sure we would be delighted to have a group of Camp Fire Girls near us and you ought to have no difficulty in getting permission to pitch your tents. This land along here belongs to the estate which is managed by a man

living in Philadelphia. He is represented here by a real estate man, Mr. Ferris, of Twin Lakes. He probably will permit you to camp here for little or nothing."

The girls thanked the woman warmly for this information and then hurried away.

"We don't need to call at the Graham cottage now," Hazel said as they hastened back to the road. "We have all the preliminary information that we want. The next thing for us to do is to get back to the Point and meet the boat when it comes in and have a talk with the other girls. I suppose our first move then ought to be to go to Twin Lakes and get permission from that real estate man, Ferris, to pitch our tents on the land he has charge of."

The two girls kept up their rapid walk until within a few hundred feet of the drive that led from the main road to the cottage occupied by the Grahams. Then they slowed up a little as they saw an automobile approaching ahead of them. The machine also slowed up somewhat as it neared the drive. Suddenly Hazel exclaimed, half under her breath:

"It's going to stop. I wonder what for?"

"Yes, and there's something familiar in that man's appearance," Katherine said slowly. "Why——"

She did not finish the sentence, for the automobile was so near she was afraid the driver would hear her. But there was no need for her to say what she had in her mind to say.

Hazel recognized the man as soon as she did.

"Be careful," Katherine warned. "Don't let him see that we know him. Just pass him as you would a perfect stranger."

But they did not pass the automobile as expected. Although slowing up, the machine did not stop, and for the first time the girls realized the probable nature of the man's visit to Stony Point.

"O Hazel!" Katherine whispered; "he's turning in at the Graham place."

"I bet he's come here to warn them against us," Hazel returned.

"It must be something of the kind," Katherine agreed, and then the near approach to the automobile rendered unwise any further conversation on the subject.

The girls were within 100 feet of the machine as it turned in on the Graham drive and found that they had all they could do to preserve a calm and unperturbed demeanor as they met the keen searching gaze of the squint eyes of Pierce Langford, the lawyer from Fairberry.

CHAPTER XIII

A NONSENSE PLOT.

Katherine and Hazel walked past the drive, into which Attorney Langford's automobile had turned, apparently without any concern or interest in the occupant of the machine. But after they had advanced forty or fifty yards beyond the drive, Hazel's curiosity got the best of her and she turned her head and looked back. The impulse to do this was so strong, she said afterward, that it seemed impossible for her to control the action. Her glance met the gaze of the squint eyes of the man in the auto.

"My! that was a foolish thing for me to do," she said as she quickly faced ahead again. "I suppose that look has done more damage than anything else since we started from Fairberry. And to think that I above all others should have been the one to do it. I'm ashamed of myself."

"Did he see you?" Katherine inquired.

"He was looking right at me," Hazel replied; "and that look was full of suspicion and meaning. There's no doubt he's on our trail and suspects something of the nature of our mission."

"Oh don't let that bother you," Katherine advised. "There's no reason why he should jump to a conclusion just because you looked back at him. That needn't necessarily mean

anything. But if you let it make you uneasy, you may give us dead away the next time you meet him."

"I believe he knows what our mission here is already," was Katherine's fatalistic answer.

"If that's the case, you needn't worry any more about what you do or say in his presence," said Hazel. "We might as well go to him and tell him our story and have it all over with."

"I don't agree with you," Katherine replied. "I believe that the worst chance we have to work against is the probability of suspicion on his part. I don't see how he can know anything positively. He probably merely learned of our intended departure for Twin Lakes and, knowing that the Grahams were spending the summer here, began to put two and two together. I figure that he followed us on his own responsibility."

"And that his visit at the Graham cottage today is to give them warning of our coming," Hazel added.

"Yes, very likely," Katherine agreed. "I'd like to hear the conversation that is about to take place in that house. I bet it would be very interesting to us."

"No doubt of it," said the other; "and it might prove helpful to us in our search for the information we were sent to get."

"Don't you think it strange, Hazel, that your aunt should select a bunch of girls like us to do so important a piece of work as this?"

Katherine inquired. This question had puzzled her a good deal from the moment the proposition had been put to her. Although she had received it originally from Mrs. Hutchins even before the matter had been broached to Hazel, she had not questioned the wisdom of the move, but had accepted the role of advocate assigned to her as if the proceeding were very ordinary and commonsensible.

"If you hadn't restricted your remark to 'a bunch of girls like us', I would answer 'yes'," Hazel replied; "I'd say that it was very strange for Aunt Hannah to select a 'bunch of girls' to do so important a piece of work as this. But when you speak of the 'bunch' as a 'bunch of girls like us,' I reply 'No, it wasn't strange at all'."

"I'm afraid you're getting conceited, Hazel," Katherine protested gently. "I know you did some remarkable work when you found your aunt's missing papers, but you shouldn't pat yourself on the back with such a resounding slap."

"I wasn't referring to myself particularly," Hazel replied with a smile suggestive of "something more coming." "I was referring principally to my very estimable Camp Fire chums, and of course it would look foolish for me to attempt to leave myself out of the compliment. I suppose I shall have to admit that I am a very classy girl, because if I weren't I couldn't be associated with such a classy bunch—see? Either I have to be

accuse you other girls of being common like myself."

"I'm quite content to be called common," said Katherine.

"But I don't think you are common, and that's where the difficulty comes in."

"Won't you be generous and call me classy, and I'll admit I'm classy to keep company with my classy associates, and you can do likewise and we can all be an uncommonly classy bunch of common folks."

"If we could be talking a string of nonsense like this every time we meet Mr. Langford, we could throw him off the track as easy as scat," said Hazel meditatively. "What do you say, Katherine?—let's try it the next time he's around: We'll be regular imp—, imp—What's the word—impromptu actors."

"We mustn't overdo it," Katherine cautioned.

"Of course not. Why should we? We'll do just as we did this time—let one idea lead on to another in easy, rapid succession. Think it over and whenever you get an idea pass it around, and we'll be all primed for him. It'll be lots of fun if we get him guessing, and be to our advantage, too."

Hazel and Katherine reached the Point in time to see the motorboat containing the other members of the Fire approaching about a mile away. They did not know, of course, who were in the boat, and as it was deemed wise not to indulge in any demonstrations, no

one on either side did any signalling; but they were not long in doubt as to who the passengers were. A flight of steps led from the top of the point to the landing, and the two advance spies, as they were now quite content to be called, walked down these and were waiting at the water's edge when the boat ran up along the pile-supported platform.

CHAPTER XIV

SPARRING FOR A FEE.

Pierce Langford drove the automobile, in which he made his first trip to Stony Point, up to the end of the drive near the Graham cottage, and advanced to the front entrance. The porch on which he stood awaiting the appearance of someone to answer his knock—there was no bell at the door—was bordered with a railing of rough-hewn, but uniformly selected, limbs of hard wood or saplings. The main structure of the house was of yellow pine, but the outer trimmings were mainly of such rustic material as the railing of the porch.

The front door was open, giving the visitor a fairly good view of the interior. The front room was large and fairly well furnished with light inexpensive furniture, grass rugs and an assortment of nondescript, "catch-as-catch-can," but not unattractive, art upon the walls. Langford, who was not a sleepy schemer, was able to get a good view of the room before any one appeared to answer his knock.

It was a woman who appeared, a sharp featured, well-dressed matron with a challenging eye. Perhaps no stranger, or person out of the exclusive circle that she assumed to represent, ever approached her without being met

with the ocular demand. "Who are you?"

Pierce Langford recognized this demand at once. If he had been of less indolent character this unscrupulous attorney might have made a brilliant success as a criminal lawyer in a metropolis. The fact that he was content with the limitations of a practice in a city of 3,500 inhabitants, Fairberry, his home town, was of itself indicative of his indolence. And yet, when he took a case, he manifested gifts of shrewdness that would have made many another lawyer of much greater practice jealous.

Attorney Langford's shrewdness and indolence were alternately intermittent. When the nerve centers of his shrewdness were stimulated his indolence lapsed and he was very much on the alert. The present was one of those instances. He knew something, by reputation, of the woman who confronted him. He had had indirect dealing with her before, but he had never met her. However, he was certain that she would recognize his name.

"Is this Mrs. Graham?" he inquired, although he scarcely needed to ask the question.

"It is," she replied with evidently habitual precision.

"My name is Langford—Pierce Langford," he announced, and then waited for the effect of this limited information.

The woman started. It was a startled start. The challenge of her countenance wavered;

the precision of her manner became an attitude of caution.

"Not—not Pierce Langford of—of—?" she began.

The man smiled on one side of his mouth.

"The very one, none other," he answered cunningly. "Not to be in the least obscure, I am from the pretty, quiet and somewhat sequestered city of Fairberry. You know the place, I believe."

"I've never been there and hope I shall never have occasion to go to your diminutive metropolis," she returned rather savagely.

"No?" the visitor commented with a rising inflection for rhetorical effect. "By the way, may I come in?"

"Certainly," Mrs. Graham answered recovering quickly from a partial lapse of mindfulness of the situation.

The woman turned and led the way into the house and the visitor followed. Mrs. Graham directed the lawyer to a reed rockingchair and herself sat down on another reed-rest of the armchair variety. The woman by this time had recovered something of her former challenging attitude and inquired:

"Well, Mr. Langford, what is the meaning of this visit?"

"Very much meaning, Mrs. Graham," was the reply; "and of very much significance to you, I suspect. I come here well primed with information which I am sure will cause you to

welcome me as you perhaps would welcome nobody else in the world."

Mrs. Graham leaned forward eagerly, expectantly, apprehensively.

"You come as a friend, I assume," she said.

"Have you any reason to doubt it?" the man inquired. "If it were otherwise, I must necessarily come as a traitor. I hope you will not entertain any such opinion of me as that. As long as you treat me fairly, you'll find me absolutely on the square for you and your interests."

"I hope so," returned the woman in a tone of voice that could hardly be said to convey any significance other than the dictionary meaning of the words. "But let's get down to business. What is this information that you come here primed with? Has it to do with the old subject?"

"Certainly, very intimately, and with nothing else."

"In what way?" Mrs. Graham asked with more eagerness than she intended to disclose.

"Well, there are some spies in this neck of the woods."

"Spies!" the woman exclaimed, betraying still more of the eagerness she was still struggling against.

"Yes spies. That's exactly what they call themselves."

"Who are they?—how do you know they are here to spy on me?"

"I overheard their plans. I got wind in a

roundabout way, as a result of talk on the part of Mrs. Hutchins' servants, that there was something doing, with Twin Lakes as a central point of interest. I suspected at once that your interests were involved; so I stole slyly, Willie Hawkshaw-like, up to their rendezvous one night and listened to some of them as they discussed their plans and—"

"Some of them," Mrs. Graham interrupted. "How many are there?"

"Oh, a whole troup of them."

"That's a funny story," the woman commented dubiously, searching the face of her visitor for an explanation of his, to her, queer statements.

"Not at all so funny when you hear it in detail," Langford returned quietly.

"Well hurry up with the details," the impatient Mrs. Graham demanded.

"There's no need of being in a hurry," the lawyer said with provoking calmness. "Business is business, you see, and full confidences should never be exchanged in a situation of this kind until a contract is drawn up, signed, sealed, witnessed, and recorded. In other words, I ought to have an understanding and a retainer before I go any farther."

Mrs. Graham had no reason to doubt that this was coming sooner or later, but she winced nevertheless when it came.

CHAPTER XV

LANGFORD GETS A CHECK.

"I hope you realize, Mr. Langford, that we are not exactly made of money," Mrs. Graham remarked tentatively by way of meeting the demand which she read between his words. Moreover, we were under heavy expenses during the last year and you got a good deal of what we paid out."

"Not so very much," Langford corrected, from his point of view. "You must remember that I was working for you through another man and he handled the pay roll, on which he and I were the only payees, and naturally he took what he didn't absolutely have to give to me."

"Well, how much do you want for this service?" the woman inquired.

"I ought to have at least $25 a day and my expenses," the lawyer answered.

"Absolutely out of the question. That's several times the amount of our income from the source you are interested in. And a considerable part of that has to go for the boy's clothing, board and education."

"That is one of the important points to which I am coming," Langford interrupted. "I come to inform you that Mrs. Hutchins is very much interested in how the boy is being clothed and fed and educated, and also how he

is being treated, and she has decided to find those things out."

"It's a case of her old suspicions being revived?" Mrs. Graham asked.

"I suppose so; anyway, she's mighty suspicious."

"Who's been peddling stories to her?"

"That's something I didn't find out."

"Don't you think a $25-a-day man ought to find out?"

"Perhaps; and perhaps I could have discovered that very thing if I had thought it wise to spend the time on it. After the mischief was done, it seemed hardly worth while to expend any effort to find the mischief maker. I decided it was best to get after the mischief itself and stop it."

"I suppose you're right," assented Mrs. Graham. "But it really would be a lot of satisfaction to know who the traitor is."

"This is no time to waste any of your efforts on revenge. That may come later, not now. But how about my fee?"

"You ask too much."

"I don't agree with you. That is a very small fee, compared with what some attorneys get. Why, I know lawyers who never take a case under $100 a day."

"That's in the big cities, where they are under heavy expenses—costly offices and office help.'

"Where do you get your information?"

"Oh, I have traveled and lived," the woman

replied with emphasis on the last word. "And I know there are plenty of judges who get only $10 a day, some less. Now, what do you think of that? Do you think you ought to get more than a judge?"

"Oh, fudge on the judges," Langford exclaimed in affected disgust. "No big lawyer will take one of those political jobs. There are lots of big lawyers making $50,000 or $100,000 a year, and there are few judges getting more than $10,000."

"Well, I can't pay more than $10 a day, and I can't pay that very long. We're under heavy expenses here and in Baltimore."

"You ought to economize, Mrs. Graham," Langford advised. "Remember, this special income can't last forever. The boy is past 10 years old now, and if nobody takes it away from you earlier, it will stop when he is 21."

"Take it away!" Mrs. Graham exclaimed in a startled manner, indicating that her apprehension had not carried her imagination as far as this.

"Sure—why not?" the lawyer returned. "What do you think all this talk about spies has been leading up to?—a Christmas present? If Mrs. Hutchins is suspicious enough to send a lot of spies here to get the goods on you, don't you think she has some notion of taking some sort of drastic action?"

"What kind of 'goods' does she expect to get on me?" the woman inquired.

"Can't you guess?"

"I can't imagine, dream, or suspect."

"Just hurry things along to an agreement tween you and me, and I'll tell you."

"I'll give you $10 a day and reasonable expenses. That doesn't include your board; only your carfare and such incidentals when you're away from home. That is all conditioned, of course, on your proving to my satisfaction that you have the information you say you have. There's no use of my fighting for this income if I have to pay it all out without getting my benefit from it."

"I'll try not to be so hard on you as all that," Langford reassured the woman. "I accept your offer, although it's the minimum I would consider. I suppose you are prepared to give me a check today?"

"Yes, I can give you something—your expenses thus far and maybe a little besides. Now hurry up and tell your story."

"I can do it in a few words. Mrs. Hutchins has sent a dozen or more girls up here to find out how you treat the youngster and if he is well fed, clothed and educated. She's received word from some source to the contrary and is planning to take him away if she discovers that her suspicions are true. These spies are all Camp Fire Girls who were camping on her farm. One of them is her niece. The proof of my statement that they are here to spy on you is to their plan to camp near your cottage and cultivate an intimate acquaintance with your family, particularly your two daughters.

Two of them were up here looking over the lay of the ground; maybe there're here yet. Undoubtedly you'll see something of them tomorrow or the next day."

Mrs. Graham's eyes flashed dangerously. Langford saw the menace in her look and manner.

"As I am now in your employ as counsel," he said, "I'll begin giving advice at once. Cut out this hate business. It's your worst enemy. Just be all smiles and dimples and give them the sweetest con game welcome imaginable. Pretend to be delighted to meet the bunch of Camp Fire Girls. Tell them you had long held their organization in the highest esteem. Take your two daughters into your full confidence. Tell them they must play their part, too, and play it well. They must be eager to become Camp Fire Girls and seek to be chummy with the spies.

"And as for the boy, in whom they are specially interested, you must treat him as if you regard him the dearest little darling on earth." (Mrs. Graham's face soured at this suggestion.) "No, none of that, or you'll spoil the whole game. Mrs. Hutchins means business, and all she needs to do is to prove a few acts of cruelty and neglect, and any court in the land will give her speedy custody of the child, in view of the provisions of his father's will, which, you know, are very exacting of you and very friendly toward Mrs. Hutchins and her late husband. By the way, where are

the child and the other members of your family?"

"My husband is in Baltimore working at his regular employment," Mrs. Graham answered. "I expect him here next week; his vacation begins then. My son, James, Jr., went up the lakes this morning with some friends of his. Addie, my oldest daughter, went to Twin Lakes to do some shopping, and the other girl, Olga, is in the next room with Glen."

"By the way, Mrs. Graham, how well is the boy supplied with clothing?" Langford inquired.

"He has some good suits," Mrs. Graham replied slowly as if going over Glen's wardrobe piece by piece, in her mind.

"Dress him up in his best and get some more for special occasions. You might be working on some article of clothing for him also. That would indicate strongly that you are interested in his welfare.

"Now, if you don't mind, I will take my check and go. I'll be back again, but don't think it advisable to come often. I have prepared a short telephone cipher code by which we can carry on a commonplace conversation over the wire and let each other know if all is well or if trouble is brewing or has already broken. Here is a copy of it."

Mrs. Graham wrote the lawyer a check for $35, and he arose to depart.

"Remember," he said as he stood facing the woman schemer at the doorway; "the success

of this little plan of ours rests in the ability of yourself and other members of the family to play the most spontaneously genteel game the cleverest persons ever planned. If you fall down on this, undoubtedly you'll lose your handsome side-issue income of $3,500 a year."

Then he went out, cranked his rented automobile, and drove away.

CHAPTER XVI.

LANGFORD CHECKS UP.

The twelve girls in the boat landed and proceeded with Katherine and Hazel up the steps to the top of the Point, where a conference was held. The two advance scouts reported developments in detail, much to the interest and delight of the other girls. The progress made thus far was so encouraging that everybody showed a disposition of impatience at the first sign of inactivity.

"We must go right back and get permission from Mr. Ferris to locate our camp somewhere near the Graham home," said Katherine. "We ought to get our tents pitched just as soon as possible, and we mustn't run any risk of not being able to find Mr. Ferris today."

"Don't you think it would help to allay their suspicions if we all remained here a while and looked around us if interested in the scenery just as tourists?" Azalia Atwood suggested.

"No, I don't," Katherine replied quickly. "Either that man Langford suspects us or he doesn't. If he suspects us, he has grounds for his suspicion, and any such attempt to throw him off the track would result in failure. I think we had better assume that he knows what we are up to and act accordingly, without appearing to admit it."

"But won't they try to cover up the evidence that we are after?" Julietta Hyde reasoned.

"Of course they will," Katherine answered.

"That will be one of the most interesting features of this adventure," said Helen Nash, who already had a reputation wider than the Camp Fire circle for natural shrewdness. "When they begin to do that, we'll have some great fun."

"Can't you point out from the lake the place or places where you think it would be well for us to locate our camp?" Miss Ladd inquired, addressing Hazel and Katherine.

"You can get a pretty good view of it right from here," Hazel replied. "It's right up the shore between those two cottages which are about the same distance up from the water and have similar paths and flights of steps running down to their boat landings. Between those two places is a stretch of timberland that doesn't seem to be used by anybody in particular. We didn't explore it because we didn't have time, but it surely must contain some good camping places. We saw several small open spots near the road that could be used if nothing better is found. We must make a thorough inspection, of course, before we select a site, but that won't take long and can be done when we bring our outfit up here."

"We ought to take a run in the boat along the shore and see if we can't find a good landing place," Katherine suggested. "Wouldn't it be delightful if we could find a suitable place on the side of that hill and overlooking the lake? Let's take enough time for that."

"It's a good idea," said Miss Ladd warmly. "Let's do that at once and then run back to Twin Lakes. But remember, girls, don't say anything about our mission on the boat. The boatman would be sure to start some gossip that probably would reach the ears of the very persons we want to keep in the dark as much as possible."

They were soon back in the large canopied motorboat, and Miss Ladd gave instructions to the pilot. The latter cranked his engine, took his place at the wheel, and backed the vessel away from the landing. A few moments later the "Big Twin," as the owner facetiously named the boat to distinguish it from a smaller one which he called the "Little Twin," was dashing along the wooded hillshore which extended nearly a mile to the north from Stony Point. They obtained a good view of the section of the shore just north of the Graham cottage and picked out several spots which appeared from the distance viewed to be very good camping sites. Then the prow of the boat was turned to the south and they cut along at full speed toward Twin Lakes.

The run was quickly made, and Katherine and Hazel hastened at once to the Ferris real estate office and presented their petition to Mr. Ferris in person. The latter was much interested when he learned that a Fire of Camp Fire Girls desired permission to pitch their tents on land of which he was the local

agent, and still more interested when informed that they were students at Hiawatha Institute whose reputation was well known to him. He gave them a pen-and-ink drawing of the vicinity, indicating the approximate lines of the lands owned or leased by cottagers then in possession, and granted them permission, free of charge, to locate their camp at any place they desired so long as they did not encroach on the rights of others.

An hour later the squint-eyed man whose activities have already created much of interest in this narrative entered the office of Mr. Ferris and inquired:

"Are you agent for that land along the lake just north of Stony Point?"

"I am," the real estate man replied.

"Do you allow campers to pitch their tents on the land for a week or two at a time?"

"I don't object if they are all right. I always require some sort of credentials. I wouldn't allow strangers to squat there without giving me some kind of notice. I granted permission to a bunch of Camp Fire Girls today to pitch their tents there."

"Is that so? Where are they going to locate?"

"Just beyond the Graham cottage, if you know where that is."

"That is where some friends of mine would like to camp," said Langford in an affected tone of disappointment.

"I don't think I'd care to grant any more

permits in that vicinity," Mr. Ferris announced rather meditatively. "I feel rather a personal interest in the girls and don't want any strangers to pitch a camp too near them. Your friends might, perhaps, locate half a mile farther up the shore."

"I'll tell them what you say," Langford said as he left the office.

Five minutes later he was in a telephone booth calling for No. 123-M. A woman answered the ring.

"Is this Mrs. Graham?" he inquired.

"Yes," was the reply.

"This is Langford. I just called to inform you that the parties we were talking about have obtained permission to camp near your cottage. You'll probably see something of them tomorrow."

"Thank you."

"And I'll be at your place tomorrow afternoon between 3 and 4 o'clock."

"I'll expect you."

That ended the conversation.

CHAPTER XVII.

A DAY OF HARD WORK.

That evening Miss Ladd received the letter that Mrs. Hutchins had announced in her telegram addressed to the Guardian on the train, would follow that communication. She did not discuss the matter with any of the girls, but quietly passed it around until all had read it.

In her letter Mrs. Hutchins stated little that had not been read between the lines of the telegram, although her views and comments on the circumstances were interesting. She had seen Pierce Langford arrive at the station just as the train was pulling in, buy a ticket and board the train just as it was pulling out. Curiosity, stirred perhaps by the recollection that this man had recently represented interests hostile to the mission of the Thirteen Camp Fire Girls and their Guardian, and might still represent those interests, caused her to inquire of the agent for what point Mr. Langford had purchased his ticket. The reply was "Twin Lakes."

That was sufficient. The woman asked for a telegram pad and wrote a few lines. Then she gave the message to the operator with these directions:

"I want that to catch Miss Ladd in the limited [illegible] possible. Keep it going from

station to station until it is delivered. Have the operator who succeeds in getting the message into Miss Ladd's hands wire back 'delivered' as soon as she receives it."

On the day following the advance excursion and inspection of the camping prospects at Stony Point, the "Big Twin" was engaged again to convey the Camp Fire Girls to the prospective camping place. On this occasion the tents and other paraphernalia were taken aboard and conveyed to the scene of the proposed camp. The boat skirted along the shore and a careful examination was made to discover landing places that might provide access from the lake to such camping sites as might later be found.

Several good landing places were found. The one they selected tentatively as a mooring for the boat was a large flat-rock projection a few hundred yards north of the Graham pier. A comparatively level shore margin extended back nearly a hundred feet from this rock to the point, where the wooded incline began. The boatman and a boy of eighteen who had been engaged to assist in handling the heavier paraphernalia, remained in the boat while the girls started off in pairs to explore the nearby territory for the most advantageous and available site.

They came together again half an hour later and compared notes. The result was that the report made by Marion Stanlock and Harriet Newcomb proved the most interesting. They

had found a pretty nook half way up the side of the hill shore and sheltered by a bluff on the inland side and trees and bushes at either end, so that no storm short of a hurricane could seriously damage a well-constructed camp in this place. The area was considerable, quite sufficient for the pitching of the complement of tents of the Fire.

After all the girls had inspected this proposed site in a body, a unanimous vote was taken in favor of its adoption. This being their decision, they returned without delay to the boat and the work of carrying their camping outfit a distance of some three hundred yards was begun.

The pilot and the boy assistant took the heavier luggage while the girls carried the lighter articles and supplies. In this manner everything was transported to the camp site in about an hour. The pilot and the boy then assisted in the work of putting up the tents, and after this was finished they were paid and dismissed.

Everything went along smoothly while all this was being done. Not another person appeared in sight during this period, except the occupants of several boats that motored by. The Graham cottage was about a quarter of a mile to the south and farther up on the hill, but the screen of dense foliage shut it off from view at the girls' camp.

All the rest of the day was required to put the camp into good housekeeper's condition.

The light folding cots had to be set up and got ready for sleeping, the kitchen tent also required much domestic art and ingenuity for the most convenient and practical arrangement, and a fireplace for cooking had to be built with rocks brought up principally from the water's edge.

So eager were they to finish all this work that they did not stop to prepare much of a luncheon. They ate hurriedly-prepared sandwiches, olives, pickles, salmon, and cake, and drank lemonade, picnic style, and kept at their camp preparation "between bites," as it were. In the evening, however, they had a good Camp Fire Girls' supper prepared by Hazel Edwards, Julietta Hyde and the Guardian. Then they sat around their fire and chatted, principally about the beauty of the scenery on every hand.

But they were tired girls and needed no urging to seek rest on their cots as the sun sunk behind the hills on the opposite side of the lake. The move "bedward" was almost simultaneous and the drift toward slumberland not far behind. They had one complete day undisturbed with anything of a mysterious or startling nature, and it was quite a relief to find it possible to seek a night's repose after eight or nine hours of diligent work without being confronted with apprehensions of some impending danger or possible defeat of their plans.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PLANNING.

Next morning the girls all awoke bright and early, thoroughly refreshed by their night's rest. A breakfast of bacon, flapjacks and maple syrup, bread and butter and chocolate invigorated them for a new day of camp life in a new place.

Their program was already pretty well mapped out, being practically the same as that followed while in camp in Fern Hollow near Fairberry. They still did some work on certain lines arranged under the honor lists of the craft, but were giving particular attention to knitting and sewing for the Red Cross, which they aided in an auxiliary capacity.

The program regularly followed by the girls required three hours of routine work each day. This they usually performed between the hours of 7 and 10 or 8 and 11, depending upon the time of their getting up and the speed with which they disposed of the early morning incidentals.

On this morning, in spite of the fact that they had gone to bed thoroughly tired as a result of the exertions of the preceding day, the girls arose shortly after 6 o'clock and by 7:30 all were engaged in various record-making occupations, including the washing of the breakfast dishes and the making of the beds and the general tidying-up of the camp.

After the routine had been attended to, the girls took a hike for the purpose of exploring the country to the north of their camp. This exploration extended about two miles along the shore, their route being generally the automobile road that skirted the lake at varying distances of from a few rods to a quarter of a mile from the water's edge, depending upon the configuration of the shore line.

During much of this hike, Katherine, Hazel and Miss Ladd walked together and discussed plans for creating a condition of affairs that might be expected to produce results in harmony with the purpose of their mission. They were all at sea at first, but after a short and fruitless discussion of what appeared to be next to nothing, Katherine made a random suggestion which quickly threw a more hopeful light on affairs.

"It seems to me that we've got to do something that will attract attention," she said. "We'll have to do some sensational, or at least lively, stunts so that everybody will know we are here and will want to know who we are."

"That's the very idea." Miss Ladd said eagerly.

Katherine was a little startled at this reception of her suggestion. When she spoke, she was merely groping for an idea. But Miss Ladd's approval woke her up to a realization that she had unwittingly hit the nail on the head.

"Yes," she said, picking up the thread of a

real idea as she proceeded; "we have got to attract attention. That's the only way we can get the people in whom we are most interested to show an interest in us."

"What shall we do?" Hazel inquired.

"Map out a spectacular program of some sort," Katherine replied. "We might build a big bonfire, for one thing, on the shore tonight and go through some of our gym exercises, including folk dances."

"Good," said Hazel. "Let's start off with that. And tomorrow we can have some games that will make it necessary for us to run all over the country—hare and hounds, for instance."

"We ought to find a good safe swimming place near our camp, too," Katherine said.

"Let's look for one this afternoon," Miss Ladd suggested.

"How will we test it?" Hazel inquired.

"That's easy," the Guardian replied. "We'll use poles to try the depth and then one of us will swim out with one end of a rope attached to her and the other end in the hands of two of the girls ready to haul in if she needs assistance. In that way we will be able to locate a good swimming place and not run any risk of anybody's being drowned."

"We've got a good starter, anyway," Katherine remarked in a tone of satisfaction. "By the time we've taken care of those items something more of the same character ought to occur to us. Yes, that's the very way to inter-

ent the Grahams in our presence and open the way for an acquaintance."

The three now separated and mingled with the other girls who were some distance ahead or behind, and communicated the new plan to all of them. It was received with general approval and was the main topic of conversation until they all returned to the camp for luncheon.

CHAPTER XIX.

WATCHED.

After luncheon, the girls, with two sharp hatchets among them, began a search through the timber for some long, slim saplings. After a half hour's search they were in possession of three straight cottonwood poles, ten or twelve feet long, and with these in their possession, they began an examination of the water-depth along the shore for a safe and suitable bathing place.

They might have used their fishing rods for this purpose, but these were not serviceable, as they were of extremely light material and, moreover, were hardly long enough for this purpose. The saplings proved to be excellent "feelers" and the work progressed rapidly from the start.

About 200 yards north of their camp was a sandy beach which extended along the shore a considerable distance. It was here that the girls made their first under-water exploration. They tied a rough stone near one end of each of the poles to increase its specific gravity and then proceeded to "feel" for depth along the water's edge.

Careful examination with these poles failed to disclose a sudden drop from the gradual downward slope of the beach into the water, so that there appeared to be no treacherous

places near the shore. Satisfied in this respect, they now arranged for a further test. Azalia Atwood, who was an excellent swimmer, returned to the camp, donned a bathing suit, and then rejoined the other girls, bringing with her a long rope of the clothesline variety. One end of this was looped around her waist, and Marion Stanlock had an opportunity to exhibit her skill at tying a bowline.

While two of the girls held the rope and payed it out, Azalia advanced into the water, stepping ahead carefully in order to avoid a surprise of any sort resulting from some hidden danger under the surface of the lake. To some, all this caution might seem foolish, inasmuch as Azalia swam well, but one rule of Flamingo Camp Fire prohibited even the best swimmers from venturing into water more than arm-pit deep unless they were at a beach provided with expert life-saving facilities.

The purpose of Azalia's exploration was to wade over as large an area of lake bottom as possible and establish a certainty that it was free from deep step-offs, "bottomless" pockets and treacherous undertow. Soon it became evident that she had a bigger undertaking before her than she had reckoned on, for the bed of the lake sloped very gradually at this point, and Katherine Crane and Estelle Adler volunteered to assist her.

"All right," said Azalia, welcoming the suggestion. "Go and put on your bathing suits and bring a few more hanks of rope. Better

bring all there is there, for we probably can use it."

Katherine and Estelle hastened back to camp and in a short time returned, clad in their bathing suits and carrying several hundred feet of rope. In a few minutes they too were in the water and taking part in the exploration, protected against treacherous conditions as Azalia was protected.

In half an hour they had explored and pronounced safe as large a bathing place as their supply of rope would "fence in" and then began the "fencing" process. They cut several stout stakes six feet long and took them to the water's edge. Then the three girls in bathing suits assumed their new duty as water pile-drivers. They took one of the stakes at a time to a point along the proposed boundary line of the bathing place, also a heavy mallet that had been brought along for this purpose. A wooden mallet, by the way, was much more serviceable than a hatchet for such work, inasmuch as, if dropped, it would not sink, and moreover, it could be wielded with much less danger of injury to any of those working together in the water.

The first stake was taken to the northwest corner of the proposed inclosure. Katherine, who carried the mallet, gave it to Estelle and then climbed to a sitting posture on the latter's shoulders. Then Azalia stood the stake on its sharpened end and Katherine took hold of it with one hand and began to drive down

on the upper end with the mallet, which Estelle handed back to her.

It was hard work for several reasons—hard for Estelle to maintain a steady and firm posture under the moving weight, hard for Katherine to wield the mallet with unerring strokes, hard to force the sharpened point into the well-packed bed of the lake. Katherine's right arm became very tired before she had driven the stake deep enough to insure a reasonable degree of firmness. While this task was being performed, the girls were still protected against the danger of being swept into deeper water by the ropes looped around their waists and held at the other ends by some of the girls on the sandy beach.

After this stake had been set firmly into the river bed, the girls returned to the shore and got another. This they took to another position about the same distance from the beach as the first one and drove it into the hardened loam under the water. The same process was continued until six such stakes had been driven.

Then they took up the work of extending rope from stake to stake and completing the inclosure. The sags were supported by buoys of light wood tied to the rope, the two extreme ends of which were attached to stakes driven into the shore close to the water.

"There, that is what I call a pretty good job," declared Miss Ladd gazing with proud satisfaction upon the result of more than three hours' steady work. "Whenever you

girls come out here to go bathing, you will be well warranted in assuming that you have earned your plunge."

All the girls by this time had their bathing suits on, but most of them were too tired to remain in the water any longer; so, by common consent, all adjourned to the camp to rest until suppertime.

"Well, it appears that our activities have not yet aroused any special interest in the Graham household," Hazel Edwards observed as they began their march back toward the sheltered group of tents.

"I'm not so certain of that," Miss Ladd replied.

"Why not?" Katherine inquired, while several of the girls who were near looked curiously at the Guardian.

"Because I believe I have seen evidences of interest."

"You have!" exclaimed two or three unguardedly.

"Now, girls, you are forgetting yourselves," said Miss Ladd warningly. "Remember that the first requisite of skill in your work here is caution. The reason I didn't say anything to you about what I saw is that I was afraid some of you might betray your interest in the fact that we were being watched. I saw two girls half hidden in a clump of bushes up near the top of the hill. I am sure they were watching us. They were there at least half an hour."

CHAPTER XX.

THE MISSILE.

Five of the members of the Camp Fire were present when Miss Ladd made this startling announcement that they had been watched secretly for a considerable time while roping off the limits of their swimming place. The other girls had taken the lead back to the camp and were a considerable distance ahead.

"Are they watching us yet?" Azalia asked.

"I think not," the Guardian replied. "I haven't seen any sign of them during the last twenty minutes."

"How do you know they are girls?" Katherine inquired. "That's quite a distance to recognize ages."

"Oh, they may be old women, but I'll take a chance on a guess that they are not. The millinery I caught a peep at looked too chic for a grandmother. I've got pretty good long-distance eyes, I'll have you know," Miss Ladd concluded smartly.

There was no little excitement among the other girls when this bit of news was communicated to them. But they had had good experience-training along the lines of self-control, and just a hint of the unwisdom of loud and extravagant remarks put them on their guard.

Some of the girls proposed that the plan of

building a bonfire in the evening be given up and nobody objected to this suggestion. All the girls felt more like resting under the shade of a tree than doing anything else. and those who had performed the more arduous tasks in the work of the afternoon were "too tired to eat supper," as one of them expressed it. So nobody felt like hunting through the timber for a big supply of firewood.

The atmosphere had become very warm in the afternoon, but the girls hardly noticed this condition until their work in the water was finished and they returned to the camp. After they had rested a while some of the girls read books and magazines, but little was done before supper.

After supper some of the girls, who felt more vigorous than those who had performed the more exhausting labor of the afternoon, revived the idea of a bonfire and were soon at work gathering a suply of wood. They busied themselves at this until nearly dusk and then called the other girls down to the water's edge, where on a large rocky ledge arrangements for the fire had been made.

All of the girls congratulated themselves now on the revival of the bonfire idea, for the mosquitos had become so numerous that comfort was no longer possible without some agency to drive them away. A bonfire was just the thing, although it would make the closely surrounding atmosphere uncomfortably warm.

Even the girls who had performed the hardest tasks in the "fencing in" of their swimming place were by this time considerably rested and enjoyed watching the fire seize the wood and then leap up into the air as if for bigger prey.

"Let's sing," proposed Harriet Newcomb after the fire had grown into a roaring, crackling blaze, throwing a brilliant glow far out onto the water.

"What shall it be?" asked Ethel Zimmerman.

"Burn Fire, Burn," Hazel Edwards proposed.

"Marion, you start it," Miss Ladd suggested, for Marion Stanlock was the "star" soprano of the Fire.

In a moment the well-trained voices of fourteen Camp Fire Girls were sending the clear operatic strains of a special adaptation of the fire chant of the Camp Fire ritual. The music had been composed and arranged by Marion Stanlock and Helen Nash a few months previously, and diligent practice had qualified the members of the Camp Fire to render the production impressively.

This song was succeeded by a chorus-rendering of a similar adaptation of the Fire Maker's Song. Then followed an impromptu program of miscellaneous songs, interspersed here and there with such musical expressions of patriotism as "America," "Star Spangled Banner," and "Over There," in evidence of a

mindfulness of the part of the United States in the great international struggle for democracy.

Meanwhile dusk gathered heavier and heavier, the stars came out, and still the fire blazed up brightly and the girls continued to sing songs and tell stories and drink in the vigor and inspiration of the scene. At last, however, the Guardian announced that it was 9 o'clock, which was Flamingo's curfew, and there was a general move to extinguish the fire, which by this time had been allowed to burn low.

Suddenly all were startled by an astonishing occurrence. A heavy object, probably a stone as large as a man's fist, fell in the heap of embers, scattering sparks and burning sticks in all directions. There was a chorus of screams, and a frantic examination, by the girls, of one another's clothes to see if any of them were afire.

CHAPTER XXI.

"SH!"

"Who in the world do you suppose did that?" Hazel Edwards exclaimed, as she hastily examined her own clothes and then quickly struck out a spark that clung to the skirt of Azalia Atwood.

"Quick, girls," cried Miss Ladd; "did any of you do that?"

There was a chorus of indignant denials. No room for doubt remained now that the missile had been hurled by someone outside the semicircle near the bonfire.

All eyes were turned back toward the timber a short distance away, but not a sign of a human being could they see in that direction.

"If we'd been on the other side of the bonfire we'd have got that shower of sparks right in our faces and all over us," Katherine Crane said indignantly.

"We ought to find out who threw that rock, or whatever it was," Ethel Zimerman declared. "It must be a very dangerous person, who ought to be taken care of."

"If that sort of thing is repeated many times, some of us probably will have to be taken care of," observed Julietta Hyde.

"Listen!" Miss Ladd interrupted, and the occasion of her interruption did not call for explanation. All heard it. A moment later it was repeated.

"Wohelo!"

"No Camp Fire Girl ever made such a noise as that," said Helen Nash disdainfully.

"It sounds like a man's voice," Azalia Atwood remarked.

"I'll bet a Liberty Bond that it is a man," ventured Ruth Hazelton.

"Have you a Liberty Bond?" asked Helen.

"I'm paying for one out of my allowance," Ruth replied.

Just then the "noise" was repeated, a hoarse hollow vocalization of the Camp Fire Watch-word. This time it seemed to be farther away.

"The person who gave that call threw the missile into our bonfire," said Miss Ladd in a tone of conviction. "If he bothers us any more we'll find out who he is."

The girls now turned their attention again to the fire. Several pails of water were carried from the lake and dashed into the embers until not a spark remained. Then they returned to their tents and to bed, although apprehensive of further disturbance before morning.

But they heard nothing more of the intruder that night.

Shortly after sunup, the girls arose, put on their bathing suits, and went down to the beach for a before-breakfast plunge. Marie Crismore and Violet Munday reached the water's edge first, and presently they were giving utterance to such unusual exclamations, indicative seemingly of anything but pure

that the other girls hastened down to see what was the matter.

There was no need of explanation. The evidence was before them. The stakes that had been driven into the bed of the lake to hold the rope intended to indicate the safety limit had been pulled out and thrown upon the shore. The rope itself had disappeared.

"There surely are some malicious mischief makers in this vicinity," Helen Nash observed. "I suppose the person who did that was the one who threw a stone into our bonfire and hooted our watchword so hideously."

"What shall we do?" Violet Munday questioned. "We can't let this sort of thing go on indefinitely."

"We must complain to the authorities," Ernestine Johanson suggested.

"Do you suppose they would do anything?" Estelle Adler asked. "I understand it's very hard to get these country officials busy on anything except a murder or a robbery."

"Then we must organize a series of relief watches and take the law into our own hands," Katherine proposed.

"Spoken like a true soldier," commented Miss Ladd approvingly. "I was going to suggest something of the same sort, although not quite so much like anarchy."

"Where do you suppose they hid that rope?" Marion Stanlock inquired. "Somebody probably needed a clothesline.

"Here come some people who may be able

to throw some light on the situation," said Marion.

All looked up and saw two girls apparently in their "upper teens," dressed more suitably for an afternoon tea than a rustic outing. The latter were descending the wooded hill-shore, and had just emerged from a thick arborial growth into a comparatively clear area a hundred yards away.

"Sh!" Katherine warned quickly. "Be careful what you say or do. Those are the Graham girls."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE GRAHAM GIRLS CALL.

"They're early risers; we must say that much for them," observed Katherine in a low voice. "We must give them credit for not lying in bed until 10 o'clock and, and——"

"And for dressing for an afternoon party before breakfast," Helen Nash concluded.

"Isn't it funny!" Hazel Edwards said with a suppressed titter. "I wonder if they are going in bathing."

"Keep still, girls," Miss Ladd interposed. "They're getting pretty near. Let's not pay too much attention to them. Let them seek our acquaintance, not we theirs. The advantage will be on our side then."

At this suggestion of the Guardian, the girls turned their attention again to the conditions about their bathing beach. A moment later Katherine made a discovery that centered all interest in unaffected earnest upon the latest depredation of their enemy, or enemies. With a stick she fished out one end of a small rope and was soon hauling away at what appeared to be the "clothes line" they had used to indicate the safety limits of their bathing place.

"Well, conditions are not as bad as they might be," said Miss Ladd, as she took hold to assist at hauling the line out of the water.

"We have the stakes and the rope and can put them back into place."

"Would you mind telling us what has happened?"

These words drew the attention of the Camp Fire Girls away from the object discovered in the water and to the speaker, who was one of the older of the urbanely clad summer resorters from the Graham cottage.

"Someone has been guilty of some very malicious mischief," Miss Ladd replied. "We had roped in a bathing place after examining it and finding it safe for those who are not good swimmers, and you see what has been done with our work. The stakes were pulled up and the rope hidden in the water. Fortunately we have just discovered the rope."

"Isn't that mean!" said the younger girl, whom the campers surmised correctly to be Olga Graham.

"Mean is no name for it," the other Graham girl declared vengefully. "Haven't you any idea who did it?"

"None that is very tangible," Miss Ladd replied. "There was a mysterious prowler near our camp last evening, but we didn't catch sight of him. He threw a heavy stone into our bonfire and knocked the sparks and embers in every direction, but he kept himself hidden. A little later we heard a hideous call in the timbers, which we were pretty sure was intended to frighten us."

"That's strange," commented the older of the visitors.

"Maybe it's the ghost," suggested Olga with a faint smile.

"Ghost!" repeated several of the Camp Fire Girls in unison.

"I was just joking," the younger Graham girl explained hurriedly.

"Why did you suggest a ghost even as a joke?" inquired Katherine. The utterance of the word ghost, together with the probability that there was a neighborhood story behind it, forced upon her imagination an irrational explanation of the strange occurrences of the last evening.

"Oh, I didn't mean anything by it," Olga reassured, but her words seemed to come with a slightly forced unnaturalness. "But there has been some talk about a ghost around here, you know."

"Did anybody ever see it?" asked Hazel Edwards.

"Not that I know of," avowed Olga. "Of course, I don't believe in such things, but, then, you never can tell. It might be a half-witted person, and I'm sure I don't know which I'd rather meet after dark—a ghost of a crazy man."

"Is there a crazy man running loose around here?" Ernestine Johanson inquired with a shudder.

"There must be," Olga declared with a suggestion of awe in her voice. "If it isn't a ghost

—and I don't believe in such things—it must be somebody escaped from a lunatic asylum."

"I saw something mysterious moving through the woods near our cottage one night," Addie Graham interposed at this point. "Nobody else in the family would believe me when I told them about it. It looked like a man in a long white robe and long hair and a long white beard. It was moonlight and I was looking out of my bedroom window. Suddenly this strange being appeared near the edge of the timber. He was looking toward the house, and I suppose he saw me, for he picked up a stone and threw it at the window where I stood. It fell a few feet short of its mark, and then the ghost or the insane man—call him what you please—turned and ran away."

"My sister told us about that next morning, and we all laughed at her," said Olga, continuing the account. "I told her to go out and find the stone, and she went out and picked one up just about where she said the stone that was thrown at her fell."

"Were there any other stones near there?" Marion Stanlock inquired.

"We looked around specially to find out if there were any others near, but didn't find any," Olga answered. "Addie—that's my sister—had the laugh on us all after that."

"Do you live in the cottage over there?" Ethel Zimmerman inquired, pointing toward the Graham summer residence.

"Yes," Addie replied. "Our name is Gra-

ham. We were very much interested when we learned that a company of Camp Fire Girls were camping near us."

"Don't you girls camp out any?" Katherine asked with the view of possibly bringing out an explanation of the Graham girls' attire, which seemed suited more for promenading along a metropolitan boulevard than for any other purpose.

"Oh, dear no," Olga answered somewhat deprecatingly. "We'd like to well enough, you know, but we're in society so much that we just don't have time."

Katherine wanted to ask the Graham girls if they were going to a stylish reception before breakfast, but restrained the impulse.

Both Katherine and Hazel recognized Addie as the girl whom, on their first trip to Stony Point, they had seen handle roughly the little boy they believed to be Glen Irving, the grandnephew of Mrs. Hutchins' late husband in whose interests they made the present trip of inspection. Whether or not she recognized among the campers the two girls to whom she had behaved so rudely on that occasion did not appear from her manner, which was all sweetness now. She continued her social discourse thus:

"I really wish society did not demand so much of our time, and I'm sure my sister feels the same way about it. There's nothing we'd like better than to become Camp Fire Girls and live close to nature, you know, just the

way you girls live. Truly it must be delightful. But when you become an integral figure in society (she really said integral), you are regarded as indispensable, and society won't let go of you."

None of the Camp Fire Girls attempted to reply to this speech. Their plan was to bring about an appearance of friendship between them and the Grahams in order that they might associate with the family that had custody of the little boy in whose interests they were working. Any attempt on their part, they felt, to discuss "society" from the point of view of the Graham girls must result in a betrayal of their utter lack of sympathy with this "social indispensability" of such helpless society victims.

"We'd like, however, to do something for you in your unfortunate situation," Addie Graham continued with a gush of seeming friendliness. "I'm sure my brother James—he's 16 years old—would be glad to assist you in any way he can. I'm going to send him down here, if you say the word, to help you extend that rope around your swimming place. He's a very handy boy, and it would be much better for you to let him do the work than to perform such a laborious task yourselves."

"Thank you ever so much," returned Miss Ladd with a warmth that seemed to indicate acceptance of the offer. The truth was that anything which tended to increase friendly

relations between them and the Grahams was acceptable.

"I'll end him around today," the older Graham girl promised. "We must hurry back now for breakfast. We were just out for an early morning constitutional, you know."

"Come and see us any time you wish," Miss Ladd urged. "You'll always be welcome. We haven't made the acquaintance of anybody around here yet. Come over and help us eat one of our constitutional luncheons, or suppers. We have real picnics every day, the jolliest kind of times—except when the ghost walks. Maybe you can help us catch the ghost, also."

"Maybe we can," said Addie. "Well, good-by. You girls come and see us, too."

"Thank you," was the acknowledgment uttered by several of the members of Flamingo Camp Fire as the two Misses Graham stepped primly in their French-heel shoes over the uneven ground and returned homeward along a diagonal course up the side of the hill-shore of Twin One.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"HIGH C."

All the members of Flamingo Camp Fire gathered close together on the sandy beach after the departure of the two Graham girls and held a low-toned discussion of the situation.

"There was only one thing missing this morning," Hazel Edwards observed. "That was the perfume. I suppose they didn't have time to spill it on in proper proportions."

"I wonder why they came down here at this time of day?" said Harriet Newcomb. "There must be something in the air."

"I bet they never got up this early before unless their house was afire," Ethel Zimmerman ventured.

"Do you suppose they wanted to be on hand to witness our discomfiture when we discovered what had been done to our swimming place?" Azalia Atwood asked.

"That would imply that they knew who did it and may even have been a party to the plot," Miss Ladd reasoned.

"And why not?" Azalia returned. "They don't look to me, for a moment, to be above it."

"I feel like a miserable hypocrite," Katherine declared with a sarcastic smile. "I'm not used to extending warm expressions [illegible]-

ship to people for whom I haven't any use and asking them to call and see me."

"Remember you're a spy now," said Helen Nash slyly. "When engaged in a praiseworthy spy work, always remember your mother and the pantry and the fist in the jam, if you have any doubt as to the worthiness of your occupation."

"Enough said," Katherine announced, "I'm convinced. The jam is well spiced and I smell it already. I shall expect to find it on somebody's fist."

The girls did not forego their morning plunge because of the removal of the "safety line," but were careful to keep well within the approximate limit which they remembered fairly well. After about fifteen minutes in the water they returned to the camp and donned their khaki middies; then they had breakfast.

The breakfast dishes had not long been washed and put away when another caller arrived at the camp. Although not unheralded, the appearance of this new arrival was a surprise to all the girls, for they had not rested much importance upon the promise of Addie Graham to send her brother to them to offer his assistance in repairing the damage done by some mischief-maker in the night before.

The young male scion of the Graham family appeared so suddenly before the eyes of the girl campers that some of them afterward expressed the suspicion that he walked timidly on his tiptoes all the way from his home to the

camp. Indeed all the members of Flamingo Fire have today a decided impression that the sound of his voice was the first notice they had of his approach.

Whether this impression be a true one or not, that voice was enough to compel memory of it ahead of anything else. It was the most effeminately high-pitched voice the girls had ever heard.

"Excuse me, young ladies, but my name is James Graham, Jr.," squeaked the treble clef.

There was a general start throughout the camp. Most of the girls were seated upon the grassy plot within the crescent arrangement of the tents and engaged in their forenoon routine, and several of them actually dropped their craft work into their laps so great was their surprise. Ethel Zimmerman uttered a little cry of astonishment in almost the same key as the announcement of the newcomer.

The latter was almost as effeminate in appearance as in voice. First, he was very much overgrown and fleshy. He probably weighed 150 pounds. His face was round and very pale, and his eyes were not over-endowed with expression. He wore a "peaches-and-cream" two-piece suit and a panama fedora and carried a delicate bamboo cane.

"My two thoughtful sisters info'med me that you young ladies were in need of the assistance of a man, and I volunteered to offer my aid," continued young Master Graham.

"Oh dear me," replied Katherine; "it would

be a shame to put you to so much trouble. We thank you ever so much for your offer, but we'd much rather retain the friendship of your folks by urging you not to insist. If you really must be so good as you suggest, you might go back and send your hostler or chauffeur, but tell him to bring a pair of rubber boots that reach to his ears."

This rather enigmatical answer puzzled the not very quick-witted James, Jr., and his chin dropped.

"You see, we want a pile-driver out in the lake to sink some posts into the submarine earth," Katherine continued. "But, by the way, come to think of it, you might help us wonderfully if you have a rowboat and would lend it to us for an hour or two."

"Sure I've got a boat," replied the "would-(not)-be ladies' aid," as one of the girls afterward dubbed him. The tone of relief with which he now spoke was unmistakable. "I'll go and row it right over to you."

"We won't want it until about 11 o'clock," said Miss Ladd. "If you need it between now and then you'd better wait."

"Oh we won't want it all day," James, Jr., returned reassuringly. "I'll bring it right away."

"I hope he doesn't tip his boat over on his 'high C'" Hazel Edwards said generously, as the caller disappeared in the timber. "He might be drowned in the billows of his own voice."

"That's his name—High C," declared Estelle Adler enthusiastically. "I refuse to recognize him by any other name. Dear me, girls, did you ever in all your born days hear such a voice?"

"No," cried several in chorus.

"He's just the dearest thing I ever saw," declared Ernestine Johanson, making a face as sour as the reputation of a crabapple.

At this moment the discussion of "High C" was dropped as suddenly a "it" had appeared upon the scene. Another arrival claimed the interest of the girls.

It was a little boy about ten years old, clad in steel-gray Palm Beach knickerbockers and golf cap, but not at all happy in appearance. He was a good looking youth, but there was no sprightly cheerfulness in his countenance. He seemed nervous and on the alert.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Hazel Edwards; "that's Glen Irving, the little boy we——"

Katherine, who was seated close to Hazel, cut the latter's utterance short by clapping her hand over the speaker's mouth.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE RUNAWAY.

The boy was excited. Evidently he was laboring under anything but normal conditions. He had appeared very suddenly around the north end of the bluff which sheltered the camp on the east. "High C." or "Jimmie Junior," as the girls from now on referred to young Graham, had left the camp around the south extremity of the bluff.

The youth in Palm Beach knickerbockers fairly rushed from the thicket north of the camp and directly toward the girls, all of whom jumped to their feet in astonishment. The newcomer did not slacken his pace, but ran up to the group of startled campers as if seeking their protection from a "Bogy Man." And as he stopped in the midst of the group which circled around him almost as excited as he, the little fellow looked back as if expecting to behold some frightful looking object bearing down upon him.

"I ran away," were his first words; "so—so they couldn't beat me."

"Who wanted to beat you?" inquired Miss Ladd sympathetically, leaning over and taking him gently by the hand.

"Mom—an' Ad.—an' Olg.—an' Jim—they all hit me," he replied, his eyes flashing with anger. "Mom locked me in a room, but I

opened a window an' clum out."

"Did they beat you today?" Hazel Edwards questioned.

"No," replied the youth with a puzzled look; "they don't want you to know they whipped me. They stopped it after you came and after a man came and told 'em not to."

"Who is the man?" Hazel asked.

"I don't know. I heard his name, but I forgot."

"Was it Langford?"

"Yes, that's it—Langford. He told 'em all to be good as pie to me while you was here. They thought I was asleep, but I was just pretendin'."

"Did Mr. Langford say why they must be good to you while we were here?" asked Katherine.

"I guess he did," the boy replied slowly. "He said somebody'd take me away and Mom 'u'd lose a lot o' money."

"That's just what we thought," Hazel declared.

"What else did you overhear?" Katherine inquired.

"They're goin' to be awful nice and awful mean."

"Awful nice and awful mean," Katherine repeated. "That's interesting. What do you mean by that?"

"They're goin' to be awful nice to your face, but mean on the sly."

"Have they done anything mean yet?" Miss

Ladd interposed, having in mind the depredations of the night before.

"I don't know," the boy answered. "They were talkin' about doing somethin' last night, and the man and Jim went out together."

"You don't know what they proposed to do?"

"No—just somethin', anything they could."

"What is your name, little boy?" Hazel asked.

"Glen" was the answer.

"Glen what?"

"Glen Graham."

"Isn't it Glen Irving?"

The boy looked doubtfully at his interrogator.

"I don't know," he replied slowly. "I guess not."

"Didn't you ever hear the name Irving before?"

The boy's face brightened up suddenly.

"That was my papa's name," he said eagerly.

"Now, I want to ask you an important question," said Miss Ladd impressively. "Try your best to tell us all you can, and don't tell any of the Grahams you were down here talking to us. We won't forget you. If they beat you any more come, and tell us if you can get away. We'll have the police after them. But be sure to keep this to yourself. Now, here's the question I want you to answer: Did any-

body outside of the Graham family ever see them beat you?"

"Sure," Glen replied quickly. "Byron Scott did. So did Mrs. Pruitt and Guy Davis and Mark Taylor."

"Where do they live?" was Miss Ladd's next question.

"Byron lives here, so does Mrs. Pruitt. Guy and Mark live in Baltimore."

"Do they live near the Graham's home in Baltimore?"

"Yes, right in the same block. Mark lives next door."

"Good. Now, Glen, we are going to take you back to Mrs. Graham. We haven't any right to keep you here, but if they beat you any more, we will complain to the police and take you away never to come back to them."

"Oh, I wish you would," exclaimed the little fellow, throwing his arms around the neck of the Guardian who had seated herself on the grass before him. "I don't want them to scare you with a ghost."

"Scare us with a ghost!" Miss Ladd repeated in astonishment. "What do you mean by that?"

"They said——" the boy began, but his explanation was interrupted in a manner so confusing that the group of Camp Fire Girls might easily have wondered if the world were suddenly assuming all the absurdities of a clownish paradise in order to be consistent with what was now taking place.

Addie Graham, the girl of ultra-style and perfume who had behaved so rudely to little Glen when she discovered the runaway with Katherine and Hazel in the woods, suddenly dashed into the deeply interested group of Camp Fire inquisitors, seized the boy in her arms, kissed him with apparent passionate fondness, and addressed him with a gush of endearment that must have brought tears to the eyes of an unsophisticated listener.

CHAPTER XXV.

A LITTLE SCRAPPER.

"Oh, you dear little brother, you dear darling child," almost sobbed Addie as she seized Glen Irving in her arms and began to shower kisses on his unwilling face.

The boy shrunk away, or into as small a compass as he was able, to escape from the "affectionate attack." Plainly it was anything but pleasing to him.

The "attack," however, did not cease in response to his protest. Addie held onto her captive with all her strength, at the same time attempting to soothe his wrath or fear, or both, with as many kisses as she could force in between the boy's belligerent arms. Glen, conscious of the presence of friends who, he believed, would go to any extreme to assist him, fought as he had never fought before, desperately, viciously. He used his fists and fingernails to good purpose and pulled Addie's hair until it presented a ludicrous appearance of disarrangement.

Realizing that the boy's actions might prove harmful to his cause if this affair should ever be contested in the courts, Miss Ladd decided to take a hand and do what she could to pacify the young heir who had suddenly been transformed into a veritable wildcat. She

had no doubt that there was good cause in his past experience for the development of such character in him, but expediency demanded that it be checked at once.

"Here, let me take him," Miss Ladd urged as she laid her hands on his shoulders and attempted to draw him away. A few gentle words and an exhibition of a kind persuasiveness of manner brought success. She drew the lad back some distance and tried to reason with him, whereupon he burst into convulsive sobbing.

His sobs were not a new expression of an outburst of passion. Miss Ladd was certain of this. Little Glen was weeping not because anger "opened the floodgates of his soul," but because of some picture of dread in his past experience which he feared would be repeated in the future.

But Addie Graham was not equal to the occasion. The veneer of gentleness that she had put on could not withstand the deep-seated spitefulness of her nature, and as she observed a severe scratch on one hand and felt the disarrangement of her hair, she yielded impulsively to vengefulness of spirit that was boiling within her and exclaimed:

"The miserable little pest! Just wait till I get you home, Glen Graham, and I'll——"

She stopped right there, much to the disappointment of the eagerly listening Camp Fire Girls, who fully expected her to open the vo-

nue to the very evidence for which they were looking.

"Why!" she continued, with a desperate effort to control her temper. "I never knew him to act that way before. He's usually such a—such a—sweet dispositioned little dear. I don't know what to make of it. He took me completely by surprise. I don't understand it—I don't know what to make of it—I can't understand the little—the little—d-dear."

"It is strange, very strange," Miss Ladd agreed, purposing, for policy's sake, to help the girl out of her predicament.

"Come to sister, Glennie dear," Addie continued, after she had succeeded in rearranging her hair and restoring her hat to its normal position on her head. "Don't you know sister loves you just lots? Why did you run away? Come back home and sister will give you some candy, just lots of it. Come on, now, that's a good little boy."

"I don't want your candy and you ain't my sister, and I won't go back. You'll beat me, and mom'll beat me and everybody else'll beat me. Don't let her take me back, please don't," Glen concluded, turning his face pleadingly toward Miss Ladd.

"Oh, you must go back, Glen," the Guardian replied, reproachfully. "That's your home, don't you know? Where in the world will you go if you don't go back home? Think of it—

no place in the world to go, no place in the world."

There was a tone of awe in the young woman's voice that impressed the boy. He cooled down considerably and looked meditatively at his monitor.

"They'll beat me," he protested earnestly. "They'll tie me to a bed post and strap me."

"Why, how perfectly terrible!" Addie exclaimed. "I never heard of such a thing. I can't understand such remarks."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," Katherine suggested reassuringly. "We'll all go back to the house with you and fix everything up nice. They won't beat you, I'm sure. Come on, Miss Graham, we'll help you, if you don't think we're intruding."

Addie did not know how to reply and did not attempt to. She started toward home and the Camp Fire Girls followed her, Miss Ladd leading the battling runaway by the hand.

Glen was considerably bewildered and apparently submissive during the journey homeward. He said little, and when he spoke, it was only a short reply to something said to him.

At the door of the cottage, they were met by Mrs. Graham, to whom Addie introduced them. None of the girls were well impressed by the woman's appearance or manner. She affected the same ungenuine interest and affection for Glen that had characterized Ad-

die's manner toward him. But they managed to bring about a condition more or less reassuring to the boy and left him, with secret misgivings, in the custody of the family which they held more than ever under suspicion.

"We've got to do some real spy work now," said Miss Ladd after they had reached their camp again. "We've got to find out what is going on in that house when those people have no suspicion that they are being watched."

CHAPTER XXVI.

AMMUNITION AND CATAPULTS.

The thirteen Camp Fire Girls and their Guardian are hardly to be censured because they did little more work of a routine nature that day. One could hardly expect them to fix their minds upon any "even tenor" occupation while the thrills of recent developments supplied so much stimulus for discussion of future prospect.

They were careful in these discussions not to leave open any possibility of their being overheard. Their conversations were always held in low tones and in places where it would be difficult for any of the members of the Graham family to find positions of concealment near enough to overhear what was being said.

One thing decided upon was in line with Miss Ladd's declaration that they must find out "what was going on in the Graham house," having reference, of course, to the treatment received there by little Glen in view of his violent protest against being returned to the care and custody of the people whom he charged with acts of cruelty toward himself. A scouting expedition was planned for the evening, the "official scouts" of the Fire—Katherine and Hazel—being delegated to this work. Katherine proposed that two others be selected to assist them, and Miss Ladd sug-

gested that they choose their assistants themselves.

"We'll think it over and pick them before suppertime," said Katherine after conferring with Hazel.

The result was that before sundown Azalia Atwood and Ernestine Johnson had been added to the spy squad. Their selection came as a result of general discussions of the work in prospect, in the course of which both Azalia and Ernestine made several suggestions that were regarded as clever and helpful for the scouting plans.

Shortly after the girls returned from the Graham cottage to their camp, "Jimmie Junior" of the "treble clef voice" appeared with the announcement that he had brought his boat to the Camp Fire landing and moored it by tying the painter to a projecting rock. They thanked him and proceeded at once with the task of restoring the safety-guard line to their bathing place. All put on their bathing suits and went down to the beach.

With the aid of the boat their work was much easier than it had been the first time. It is no easy performance for one person to sit on the shoulders of another and wield a mallet on the upper end of a stake held by a third person in water arm-pit deep. If you doubt this assertion, just try it.

Well, this difficult feat was unnecessary this time. The stakes, rope, and mallet were put into the boat, and three of the girls got in

and rowed out to the point where the southwest stake had been driven before. Then two of them plunged overboard and, while one of these steadied the boat and the other held the stake in position, the girl in the boat drove it firmly into the sand-clay bed of the lake.

This operation was repeated until the supports of the buoy-line were all restored. Then the rope was stretched from stake to stake and wooden buoys attached as before.

The work was speedily performed and then the girls all had a good swim. When they returned to their camp, it was lunch time and the "gastronomic committee," as Harriet, the "walking dictionary," had dubbed the commissary department, got busy. During the meal, which they ate on a "newspaper tablecloth," picnic-style, the subject of organized self-protection against further depredations was discussed.

"I believe we ought to establish a relief watch system to be kept up all night every night as long as there seems to be any danger of our being molested by prowlers like those who paid us a visit last night," Estelle announced.

"What would we do if we caught anybody at any mischief?" asked Azalia.

"We'd sail right into 'em and give 'em Hail Columbia," declared Hazel like a vigilance committee chairman.

"Yes, we'd pull their hair," said Marie Crismore.

"And scratch their eyes out," Ernestine chimed in.

"And boo-shoo 'em away," added Julietta Hyde.

"I'm positively ashamed of you for talking that way," Miss Ladd interposed. "You're laughing at yourselves because you are girls. Now, you ought not to do that, even in fun. How many of you can do some real boys' stunts just as well as the boys can?"

"I can swim half a mile," announced Hazel.

"I can do a fly-away from the horizontal bar," declared Violet Munday.

"I can run a hundred-yard dash in thirteen seconds," said Ernestine; "and that's better than lots of boys can do it."

"I can throw a ball like a boy," said Helen Nash.

"So can I"—this from Marion Stanlock.

"Oh, several of us can do that," Katherine declared. "We've played ball with the boys. But now you're getting close to what I was driving at. We'll proceed to gather a supply of ammunition."

"Ammunition!" several exclaimed.

"Surely," Katherine replied. "We'll get it down on the beach."

"Oh, I get you," said Estelle. "You mean——"

"Rocks," cried Marie, getting the word in ahead of Estelle.

"That's it," Katherine admitted. "We'll

shower rocks at anybody that makes us any more trouble."

"Very ingenious," Miss Ladd said approvingly. "If those persons who visited us last night come again, they'll get a warm reception."

"And a hard one," Marion supplemented.

"I have another idea," Helen announced, and everybody turned attention to her. "I have some heavy rubber bands in my grip. I always carry them because they come in very handy sometimes."

"What can you do with them?" Estelle asked.

"What do you think?" Helen returned.

"I know," cried Ethel Zimmerman. "Make catapults with them."

"Good!" several of the girls exclaimed.

"The boys call them slingshots," said the Guardian.

"How do you make a slingshot?" Julietta inquired.

"I know," Marion announced. "You cut a forked stick, like the letter 'Y.' Then you tie two rubber bands to it, one to each fork. Between the other ends of the bands you tie a little sack, or shallow pocket, made of leather or strong cloth. You put a stone in this pocket and pull it back, stretching the rubber bands, take aim, and let it fly."

"You must have had experience making those things," Katherine suggested.

"No, I never made one," Marion replied;

"but I've watched my cousin make them and shoot them, too. He was very skillful at it."

"Can you shoot a catapult?" Katherine inquired.

"I think I can," Marion answered.

"Good," said Katherine. "We'll make several, and those who can't throw stones can use slingshots."

That was a very busy afternoon for this warlike group of girls. While the luncheon dishes were being washed and put away, Katherine and Hazel rowed the boat back to the Graham landing, thanked "Jimmie Junior" for its use, accepted with solemn countenances his "high-C" "You're welcome," and returned to their camp. Then the work of manufacturing arms and ammunition, in anticipation of another midnight invasion, began.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE GHOST.

Before the "preparedness program" of the afternoon was started, Miss Ladd addressed the group of Camp Fire Girls thus, speaking in low tone, of course, in order that she might not be overheard by any eavesdropper who might be in hiding in the vicinity:

"Now, we want to do this thing right. How many of you feel that you can throw a stone a considerable distance and accurately?"

Katherine, Helen, Marion and Violet held up their hands.

"How many of you would like to use catapults?" was the Guardian's next question.

The hands of Harriet, Marie, Ethel, and Ruth went up promptly. A moment later Estelle and Ernestine also put up theirs.

"I believe I could learn how," said Estelle.

"We don't want too much demonstration around here this afternoon," Miss Ladd warned. "Everything must proceed quietly and as if nothing unusual were taking place. How many rubber bands have you, Helen?"

"Oh, a dozen or twenty," the latter replied.

"Well, we'll proceed to cut half a dozen Y-forks and make them into catapults. We'll start out at once. Hazel, you get a hatchet, and, Marie, you get a saw; the rest of you get your combination knives."

In a few minutes they were in the thick of the timber, searching the small trees and saplings for Y-forks to serve as catapult handles. In half an hour they returned with a dozen of varying degree of symmetry and excellence.

Then the work of assembling the parts of these miniature engines of war began. Some of the girls exhibited a good deal of mechanical skill, while others made moves and suggestions so awkward as to occasion much laughter.

"Well, anyway," said Marie after she had been merrily criticised for sewing up the "mouth" of a "pocket" so narrowly that a stone could hardly fly out of it; "there are lots of boys who would make a worse job sewing on a button. Don't you remember last winter at a button-sewing contest, Paul Wetzler cast the thread over and over and over the side of the button—and he didn't know any better."

"That's a very convenient way to dodge a joke on you, Marie," said Violet. "But just because boys don't know anything is no reason why we shouldn't."

"Whew! some slam at me," Marie exclaimed. "I'm very properly squelched."

After half a dozen catapults had been made, the girls practiced slinging stones for an hour and several of them developed considerable skill. In this way it was determined who should have the preference in the use of these weapons.

Then at the suggestion of Miss Ladd, a

dozen slings were made to be tied about the waist for carrying a supply of stones, some the size of an egg, for throwing with the hand and pebbles for use in the catapults. After these were completed, the girls went down to the beach and gathered a plentiful supply and took them back to the camp. Then a score or two of these stones were deposited in the slings, and the latter were put in convenient places in the tents on short notice. The catapults also were turned over to those of the girls who proved most capable of using them skillfully.

The last item of preparations on the program of the day consisted of completing plans for a succession of night watch reliefs. As Katherine, Hazel, Azalia, and Ernestine were assigned to special scout duty immediately after dusk, they were excused from assignment on any of the reliefs. This left ten girls among whom the watches might be divided, which was done in the following manner:

The eight sleeping hours from 9 P. M. to 5 A. M. were divided into five watches of equal length and assignments were made thus:

First watch: Marion Stanlock and Helen Nash. Second watch: Ruth Hazelton and Ethel Zimmerman. Third watch: Violet Munday and Harriet Newcomb. Fourth watch: Julietta Hyde and Marie Crismore. Fifth watch: Estelle Adler and the Guardian, Miss Ladd.

Nothing further of particular interest took

place during the rest of the day, except that shortly before suppertime Addie and Olga Graham, both dressed "fit to kill," called at the camp and thanked the girls for their assistance in getting "their brother" back home.

"Is he all right now?" Hazel inquired with genuine concern.

"Yes, he's fine," Addie replied. "You see he has spells of that kind every now and then, and we don't know what to make of it. But today's was the worst spell he ever had."

"Don't you do anything for him?" Hazel asked.

"What can we do?" Addie returned. "He isn't sick. I'm afraid it's just a little distemper. There is absolutely no reason for it."

Miss Ladd asked the Graham girls to remain at the camp for supper, but they "begged to be excused on account of a pressing social engagement."

After darkness had fallen as heavily as could be expected on a clear, though moonless night, the four scouts set out through the timber toward the Graham cottage. All of them carried flashlights and clubs which might easily have been mistaken in the dark for mere walking sticks. The clubs were for protection against dogs or any other living being which might exhibit hostility toward them. Katherine and Hazel had also two of the rubber-band catapults, as they had exhibited no little skill, for novices, in the use of them.

The other girls built a small fire near the

tents, to keep the mosquitos away, and sat around it chatting and waited for the scouts to return. Miss Ladd insisted, as soon as dusk began to gather, that they bring out their "ammunition" from the tents and keep it close at hand for immediate use if anything should happen to require it.

And something did happen, something of quite unexpected and startling character. The scouts had been gone about half an hour and the night had settled down to a blanket of darkness on the earth, a sprinkle of starlight in the sky, the croaking of frogs, the songs of katydids and the occasional ripple of water on the lake shore. A poet might have breathed a sigh of delightful awe. Well, the girls were pleasureably impressed with scene and the sounds, if they were not exactly delighted, and the awe was coming.

It came without warning and was before them very suddenly. It was in the form of a man in a long, white robe, long white hair and whiskers, the latter reaching almost to his waist. He stalked, stiffly, unemotionally out of the darkness south of the camp and across the open space within thirty feet of the fire, where sat the startled, chill-thrilled group of girls, speechless with something akin to fear and momentarily powerless to shake off the spell that held them as rigid as statues.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A BUMP ON THE HEAD.

Suddenly Helen Nash's memory served her so well that she regained control of her wits with a shock. Here is what she remembered:

"I don't want them to scare you with a ghost"—these words uttered by little Glen just before his warning speech was interrupted by the appearance of Addie Graham at the girls' camp.

That recollection was enough for Helen. There was nothing tenuous, elusively subtle, or impenetrably mysterious any longer about the ghostly apparition. Little Glen had something very clear and definite in his mind when he made that remark.

Her muscles having relaxed from their rigid strain of superstitious suspense, Helen reached for the "ammunition sling" that she had placed beside her and drew therefrom one of the catapults they had made in the afternoon, also a pebble about the size of a marble, and fitted the latter in the pocket of the weapon. Then she drew back the pocket and the pebble, stretching the rubber bands as far as she could extend them, and took careful aim.

Helen had practiced with this weapon a good deal in the last two or three hours and acquired considerable proficiency for so short

a period of experience. Moreover, she was skilled in amateur archery and could pull a bow with a strong right arm. This experience, together with a general systematic athletic training at school, rendered her particularly well adapted for her present undertaking.

The other girls, under the spell of awe-fascination which had seized and held Helen before it was broken by a sudden jog of her memory, knew nothing of what was going on in their midst until they heard the snap of the rubber bands. And doubtless it would have taken them considerable time to fathom it had the pebble-shooter's aim not proved to be remarkably good. It struck the "ghost" on the head.

Of course even Helen could not follow the pebble through the air with her eyes, nor could she see where it struck, but other unmistakable evidence informed her as to the trueness of her aim and the effect of the blow. A sharp thud informed her that she had hit something of substantial resistance, and the next bit of evidence broke the spell for the other girls with a realization of what had taken place.

The "ghost" wavered and seemed about to topple over, at the same time emitting a groan of pain which proved him to be thoroughly human. Helen was frightened, but there was a new kind of awe in this fright. All suggestion of superstition had left her and in its

place was the dread that she might have killed a man.

The latter dread, however, was soon dispelled. The "ghost" did not fall. He staggered, it is true—evidently the pain of the blow had stunned him considerably; but he managed to put speed into his pace, although the evidence of his suffering was even greater after he began to run. In a minute he disappeared in the darkness of the timber.

"My! that was a good shot, Helen," Ethel Zimmerman exclaimed. "And he will surely wear some lump on his head for some time to come."

"I was afraid I pulled too hard," Helen replied with a sigh of relief; "and, believe me, I'd rather be scared by a ghost several times over than with the prospect of having a murder record."

"Who is he?—have you any idea?" Violet asked.

"Can't you guess?" Helen answered. "Isn't he someone connected with the Graham family?"

"What was he trying to do—scare us?" Julietta inquired, addressing the question as much to herself as to anybody else.

"I should imagine something of the kind, although he may be the crazy man the Graham girls spoke about," said Helen.

"I don't believe there is any such person," Miss Ladd volunteered at this point.

"Then why did they suggest such an idea?" Violet questioned.

"I don't know, unless it was to frighten us," the Guardian replied.

"Frighten us away from here," Harriet supplemented.

"Exactly," said Helen. "That's my theory of the affair. Don't you remember what Glen Irving said just before Addie Graham put in her appearance and cut short our interview with the boy?"

"He said something about ghosts," Harriet recalled.

"Not about ghosts, but *a* ghost," Helen corrected. "It made quite an impression on me. Didn't any of you wonder what he meant?"

"I did," announced Violet; "and I remember exactly what he said. It was this: 'I don't want them to scare you with a ghost.'"

"Those were the very words," Helen declared. "Now do you get the connection between that remark and what just took place? Glen had heard them talking over their plans. isn't it all very clear?"

"At least it is very interesting," commented Miss Ladd.

"Since you have got so near a solution of this affair, perhaps you'll go a step farther and tell your interested audience who that ghost was," Ruth Hazelton suggested.

"Oh, no, I wouldn't be so rash as that," Helen responded; "but if I were going to write to Mrs. Hutchins tonight, I would sug-

gest to her that, if Mr. Pierce Langford should return to Fairberry in the next week or two, she might have somebody examine his head for a bump."

"A phrenological bump?" inquired Harriet, the "walking dictionary."

There was a general laugh.

"Not a phrenological bump," Helen answered.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A CRUEL WOMAN.

Katherine, Hazel, Ernestine and Azalia found it no easy task to pick their way through the dark timber more than half a mile to the Graham cottage. Several times, finding themselves hopelessly entangled in a thicket, or stumbling over disagreeably uneven ground, and fearful of losing their way, they made use of their flash lights until able to continue their journey satisfactorily.

But after they caught their first glimpse of the light in the Graham cottage, they made no further use of the flash lights. Guided by the illuminated windows and their memory of the surroundings, they made their way over the intervening space until within a hundred feet of the house, where they halted and looked and listened for about fifteen minutes.

First, they wished to make sure that there was no dog on the place. They were reasonably certain that the Grahams kept no watch-dog, as several of the girls had been careful to check up in this regard when passing near or calling at the cottage. But as additional precaution, they made a careful inspection from a safe distance on this scouting expedition before venturing close to the house.

The night was clear and warm, but no moon was shining. There was a stillness in the air

which alone might have been expected to cause a dog to howl for very lonesomeness. Even while the four scouts were waiting for evidence of a canine guard at the Graham place, far away in the distance there came a mournful howl from a mournful hound in a farmyard. The sound was repeated several times, and although there were two or three echoing responses from as many neighboring sources, none came from a kinship kennel of the Graham premises.

At last Katherine and Hazel decided that it was safe to advance nearer to the house. Leaving Azalia and Ernestine at the edge of the timber to watch for any condition or circumstance that might prove unfriendly to their venture, the two leaders advanced across the clearing.

As they neared the building, a sound, which they had not heard before reached their ears and drove from their minds all thought or fear of a watchdog. The sound was like the plaintive cry of a child and seemed to be muffled as if coming through two or three thick walls.

There were two windows on the side of the house nearest the advancing girl scouts. Through the drawn shade of one of these came the rays of incandescent bulbs which lighted the room. The other window was dark.

The advance of Katherine and Hazel was [illegible] by the seeming source of the wail-

fled cry. As they started for the house, their initial impulse was to direct their steps toward the lighted window. But as they approached the building, almost unconsciously they veered gradually to the right until they found themselves standing close to the unlighted window at the rear.

Without a doubt the muffled sounds came from this part of the cottage. A whispered conversation between the girls resulted in the following procedure: Hazel stood guard at a distance of ten or fifteen feet while Katherine stood close to the window, almost pressing her ear against the glass in order the better to hear the sounds that interested them. For two or three minutes the listener continued in this attitude; then she went to where Hazel stood and the latter advanced to the window and did likewise. She also tried the sash to see if it was locked, succeeding in raising it slightly, so that the sounds within reached her ear more distinctly.

Several minutes later both of these girls returned to the edge of the clearing and rejoined their two companions stationed there. A low-voiced consultation was held, at the close of which Hazel said:

"Well, all this means that we'll have to return to the cottage and stay there until we find out something more. Let's see what we can discover in the front of the house."

She and Katherine accordingly went back and directed their inspection as Hazel had

suggested. The shade trees did not cover the lower pane to the full limit and they were able to look in and get a fairly good view of the room.

Mrs. Graham and "Jimmie Junior" apparently were the only members of the family at home, if we may disregard as one of the family, little Glen, who undoubtedly was the author of the muffled sobs. Mrs. Graham was reading a fashion magazine and her son was playing solitaire at a card table.

Almost the first view acquainted the girls with the fact that the woman was much disconcerted over something, and it soon became evident that the cause of this nervousness was the sound of weeping that reached her through the closed door of an adjoining room. Presently she arose, with a hard look on her face and determined manner, and moved in the direction from which the offending noise came.

Katherine and Hazel did not take the additional precaution this time of alternating as watcher and guard. They stood together at the window, and as they saw Mrs. Graham open the door they moved quickly to the window next toward the rear. By the time they reached it, this room also was lighted.

Fortunately a similar condition existed here also with reference to the width of the window shade and they were able to get a fairly good view of this apartment. Mrs. Graham evidently was disposed to lose no time

and to leave ground for no misunderstanding as to her purpose. She threw open a second door, this time a closet door, and the girls beheld a sight that fairly made their blood boil.

There sat little Glen on a chair with a rope wound around his body, arms, and legs, securing him so firmly to the article of furniture on which he was seated that he could scarcely move a muscle. His face was wet with tears and a picture of suffering.

For the first time the watchers observed that the woman had a leather strap in her hand, and they were still further horrified when they saw her swing it cruelly against the bare legs of the quivering child.

Once, twice she struck the boy. Hazel and Katherine could hardly contain their indignation. Indeed it is not at all to be doubted that they would have attempted to interfere on the spot if an interruption had not come from another source before the third blow could fall.

There was a disturbance in the front of the house. Somebody had entered and was talking in a loud voice. Mrs. Graham let her arm fall without dealing the third blow for which she had raised it as a man entered the room in anything but mild and pleasant manner.

"What are you doing, Mrs. Graham?" he demanded. "What did I tell you about this conduct of yours? Do you realize that you are bringing things to a climax where I'll wash my hands of the whole affair?"

The speaker was Pierce Langford.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE GIRLS WIN.

Mrs. Graham looked uncomfortable—not ashamed or abashed. Doubtless the conflict within her was between the cruelty of her nature and the fear of financial reverses in consequence of that cruelty. She did not answer the rebuke of her confederate attorney.

The latter drew a knife from his pocket and in a moment was severing the rope that bound the child to the chair. After he had released the boy, who looked gratefully toward him as a protector, the man threw cold water on little Glen's natural feeling of confidence toward him by saying:

"Now, mind you, Mrs. Graham, my interference is not moved by any sentiment of sympathy for the kid. I merely want to inform you that things are coming to such a pass that I may be forced to drop out of this game purely as a move of self-salvation. For instance, it appears very unwise to make any further attempts to frighten that bunch of girls. They simply don't scare. See that?"

Langford indicated the object of his question by taking off his hat, which he had neglected to remove when he entered the house, and caressing gently with two or three fingers a badly swollen wound on the side of his head almost directly over his right ear. Mrs.

Graham looked at it curiously, not sympathetically.

"Where did you get that?" she inquired.

"Those girls did it, or one of them, I presume. I thought my make-up would paralyze them, but instead they nearly paralyzed me. I think they fired some rocks at me, for something of that description struck my head, and you see the result.

"I drove my machine into the timber a little farther up the road and put on my ghost outfit. Then I walked through the woods to the girls' camp and stalked past them. You would have thought my appearance was enough to freeze their veins and arteries. Well, they pretty nearly put mine in cold storage for eternity. Now, what do you know about 'first aid to the injured?' Will you get some cold water and alcohol or liniment? I'm going to have a fierce swelling. I don't suppose I can keep it down much now, but I'm going to have an awful headache and I'd like to prevent that as much as possible. Let the kid go to bed, and do something for me."

Glen took advantage of this suggestion and went into another room. Mrs. Graham and the lawyer returned to the living room. Katherine and Hazel watched them for about twenty minutes, but heard little more conversation. Then Langford left the house and Mrs. Graham and her son prepared to retire. As it appeared that they would be able to get no further information of interest to them

at the Graham cottage that night, Katherine and Hazel and the other two girls who waited at the edge of the clearing returned to their camp and reported the success of their expedition.

* * * * * * *

Early next day, Miss Ladd, Katherine, and Hazel went by boat to Twin Lakes and appeared before a magistrate and swore out a warrant for the arrest of Mrs. Graham on a charge of cruel and inhuman treatment of a child in her custody. Before leaving Fairberry she had been given authority to take this move if in her judgment such emergency action were advisable. She also asked that Glen Irving be removed from the custody of the Grahams. Then Miss Ladd sent a telegram to Mrs. Hutchins asking her to "come at once."

Mrs. Hutchins arrived at Twin Lakes next day. Meanwhile Mrs. Graham was arrested and the boy was taken temporarily as a ward of the court. When she was confronted with the charges against her and the evidence of the two Camp Fire Girls who had witnessed one instance of outrageous cruelty, her cold resistance was broken and she promised to accede to Mrs. Hutchins demands if the prosecution were dropped.

This seemed to be the best settlement of the whole affair, and it was accepted. By order of court Glen was turned over to Mrs. Hutchins

who assumed the obligation of his care and custody.

Mrs. Hutchins remained with the girls a week at their camp at Stony Point, and then all returned to Fairberry, where the tents were pitched again in the broad and scenic ravine known as Fern Hollow. Here they camped again for another week, summarized, tabulated, and classified the achievements of the last few weeks, conferred honors, and finally adjourned to their several homes, there to remain until the autumn opening of school.

But the adventures of the year for this Camp Fire were not complete. More of equally stirring character were in store for three of the girls, and those who would follow these events should read the volumn entitled:

CAMP FIRE GIRLS ON A HIKE;

OR,

LOST IN THE GREAT NORTHERN WOODS.

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A PRINCESS OF THE WOODS

CHAPTER I

A LONG TIME AGO

Now, will my readers be good enough to turn to their map of the United States and look at the state of Virginia, one of the most important members of the Union? You will notice the large inlet called Chesapeake Bay, which reaches far to the northward and divides Maryland into two sections, known as the Eastern and the Western shore. Down near the mouth of this bay you will observe the broad outlet of a large river, the James, named from James I., who succeeded Queen Elizabeth in 1603, and ruled England until his death in 1625. Make a careful study of the lower fifty or hundred miles of the James River, for the incidents I am about to tell you occurred in that section of the country.

At the time I have in mind—the beginning of 1607—there was not a white man in Virginia, nor in any of the present States to the northward. The Spanish had gained a foothold farther to the south, and St.

Augustine, Florida, the first permanent white settlement in the United States, had had a feeble existence for more than forty years. Of course, the mountains, lakes, and rivers were the same as they are to-day; but there were no cities, towns, or villages, only vast stretches of forest and wilderness, where roamed wild animals and wild men or Indians. These people had no horses or cattle. The large herds of wild horses which had already begun to roam over the prairies and plains of the southwest, were the descendants of the droves of the early Spanish explorers, but not an animal of that kind was to be found in Virginia or to the northward.

When the Indians wished to go from one place to another, they did so by means of their canoes, or small birchen boats, if a stream was near; if not, they tramped through the forest. They knew nothing of firearms, but used bows and arrows, spears, tomahawks, and knives, with which they killed bears, deer, buffaloes, and large game. Since they did not know how to forge iron, they made their knives, tomahawks, and spearheads of bone or stone. These wild men were divided into large tribes or families, whose head or ruler was called *chief*, and whom all the others had to obey. His men were called warriors, the women were squaws, and the babies were papooses. The tribes

were jealous of one another, and often fought. Generally their captives were put to cruel deaths. Some of the tribes numbered several thousand warriors, and in more than one instance a number of tribes formed a confederacy. The Iroquois, or Six Nations, whose headquarters were in the present State of New York, was the most powerful union of this kind that ever existed among the American Indians.

Although, as I have said there was not an English settlement in America at the opening of 1607, you must not think no attempts had been made to form such colonies. Away up in New England parties of men had landed and tried to make homes for themselves, but the climate was so rugged, and the hardships they had to face so trying, that they gave up, and those who did not die made haste to get back to Old England again.

The strangest fate of all attended the efforts of Sir Walter Raleigh to plant settlements in America. He sent out several expeditions, the last in 1587. It numbered one hundred and fifty men and women, who, landing on Roanoke Island, off the coast of North Carolina, began building new homes. There the first child of English parentage was born, her name being Virginia Dare. I am sorry to say these people did not get on well together, but seemed to be quarrel-

ling all the time. Finally, Governor White, who was the head of the colony, sailed for England to bring back help.

When he arived home a war with Spain was threatened, and he was unable to return to Roanoke until after three years. He was very anxious to rejoin the people, for he had left his daughter among the colonists; but, strange to say, when he landed he was unable to find a single member of the company. He came upon many signs, but not a living man or woman. Sir Walter Raleigh did everything he could to learn their fate, but was never able to gain any certain knowledge. Today one of the strangest and most romantic incidents in the colonial history of the United States is that of the "Lost Colony of Roanoke." The mystery has never been explained how so many men and women could disappear and leave no trace behind them. But here is a theory which has always seemed reasonable to me:

Among the Indians of that section you will find at the present time quite a number who have light hair and blue eyes. What more probable than that the surviving members of the Lost Colony married among the natives, and that the odd-looking Indians of whom I have spoken are their descendants?

It seems remarkable that more than a hundred years had passed since the dis-

covery of America by Christopher Columbus, without seeing the planting of a single permanent English colony on this side of the Atlantic. All this time, too, England laid claim to the whole continent, because of the discoveries of John Cabot and his son Sebastian. Finally, however, in 1606, two great companies were formed for the colonization of America, one in Plymouth and the other in London. The efforts of the Plymouth Company ended in failure, but the other corporation was successful. In the depth of the winter of 1606, three vessels—the *Sarah Constant*, of one hundred tons burden; the *Godspeed* and the *Discovery*, each of forty tons, started across the Atlantic, under the command of Captian Christopher Newport. They carried one hundred and five men, but no women, and intended to settle at Roanoke Island, where the "lost colony" had disappeared some twenty years before; but they were driven farther north by a storm, and, with no idea of where they were, began hunting for a suitable place for settlement. They sailed into the broad opening of Chesapeake Bay, and were still roving northward when they were pleased with the appearance of a wide river, which flowed into the bay from the mainland on the west. They turned the prows of their little vessels

into this stream, carefully studying the shores in their quest for an inviting spot.

It was the radiant month of May, with mild skies and soft breezes, which kept the craft steadily making their way against the gentle current. These hardy men, standing on the decks of their little vessels, and gazing at the shores, after being tossed about for months on the stormy Atlantic, were sure they had never gazed upon anything so beautiful. The banks were exuberant with brilliant wild flowers, whose sweet fragrance was wafted across the smooth waters, while the green hills and mountains in the distance were softened to the most delicate tints against the blue sky. The craft moved so slowly that the calm current made only the faintest rippling against the bows, and the bellying sails being once set, remained as smooth and unruffled as if they were so much painted canvas. All the attention needed was for the man at the helm to hold it steady, so as to keep the boat near the middle of the great stream.

Rich, emerald vegetation and gorgeous flowers were not all that caught the attention of the charmed Englishmen. There were men and women in this new country, descendants of those who had lived there for unknown ages. They were standing motionless on the shores, studying the approaching

vessels with much the same emotions that must have come to the natives of San Salvador when they first caught sight of the caravels of Columbus. One party, among whom several women could be seen, stood on a slight eminence, a hundred or more yards back from the stream, as if afraid to come any nearer. The warrior in the middle was fully a head taller than his companions, and was observed to point one hand towards the vessels, as if calling the attention of the others to some peculiar features of the strange craft, the like of which none had ever looked upon before.

On the margin of the river, where there was a natural clearing of an acre or so, another party gathered, including also several women. They were talking and gesticulating, and it would be interesting could we know what they said to one another. When the *Sarah Constant*, which was leading, and a hundred yards in advance of the smaller boats, came opposite this group, two of the warriors were seen to fit arrows to their bowstrings, aim carefully, and let them fly. The feathered missiles could be easily traced as they curved upward in a beautiful parabola, and then darted, head downward, into the clear current, not having traversed half the distance between the land and the ship. The men crowding the decks could well

afford to smile at such efforts. Captain Newport suggested that it would be a good thing to fire a volley into the party, as they had done some days before near the mouth of the river when greeted by a shower of arrows.

"No; we should cultivate their good will; we shall have need of their friendship, and must not use our firearms so long as our lives can be saved without doing so."

This remark, in crisp, decisive tones, was made by a man standing at the prow, with a spy-glass in his hand, which he turned now and then towards the different groups. He was of sturdy build, dressed in the civilian dress of the well-to-do citizen of those times, with a full, sandy beard and a huge military mustache. His face was deeply tanned, he wore a sword at his side, and his countenance showed resolution and firmness. He was not yet thirty years of age, and no one could look at his figure without seeing he possessed unusual strength and hardihood. It was plain that mentally and physically he was above the officers and crew about him.

This man was one of the most remarkable persons connected with the early history of the United States, and the foremost individual in the colonial period of the chief State. He was Captain John Smith, whose great services won him the name of the

"Father of Virginia," and there can be no question that he deserved the honor. That he was a great boaster cannot be denied. Some of the stories he told of his adventures in France, Egypt, Hungary, Turkey, and other countries were true only in his imagination, recent researches having proved this to be the fact. None the less, he was one of the bravest of men, unselfish, enterprising, frank, and far-seeing; and it may as well be said at this point, that the first English colony in America would have perished from the earth but for the wisdom, energy, and self-sacrificing labors of this famous native of Lincolnshire.

The Indians who had launched the useless arrows must have done so as an indication of their feelings towards the white men who had dared to invade their country. Now and then several of the warriors, bolder than their companions, skirted the shore in their canoes, keeping abreast of the vessels, and occasionally venturing for a little way towards them; but they hurriedly withdrew again, as if they had heard something of the terrible weapons which spouted fire and killed without anyone understanding how, since no eye could ever detect the fatal missile. The Indians in their boats, as a rule, kept close to land, so as to be ready to

take to flight the instant it became necessary. The result more than once was amusing.

A canoe containing four warriors, after several timid ventures, headed out in the river, as if they intended to board the strange craft. They paddled slower and slower, until when twenty rods or so from land their courage oozed away, and they dared advance no farther. They paused with their long ashen paddles still, ready to dip them into the current at the first sign of danger.

Without any command, the man at the helm pushed the rudder around, so that the bow of the largest ship slowly swung about, and it headed towards the canoe. The moment the occupants of the latter saw the fearful thing bearing down upon them they bent to their work with desperate energy, the craft skimming over the surface like a swallow. Captain Smith, smiling grimly, made a tunnel of one hand, and emitted a roar like that of an angry bull. The noise rolled over the smooth surface with terrifying power. Two of the Indians, in a wild panic, leaped overboard, and dived and swam in a frenzy of panic, while the others outsped them in the headlong haste of their paddling. Then as the panting fellows scrambled out on land, the *Constant* began laboriously swinging about again, and continued her course steadily up stream, most of the men

on board who had witnessed the incident breaking into laughter, which had a strange sound at that time and in that place.

The three vessels had begun their voyage up the James the previous day, so that now, while it was early in the afternoon, they were fully two score mile from the mouth of the noble river.

They were approaching the peninsula where they were to make their final pause, when the attention of all was turned up stream. Captain Smith, in his interest brought his old-fashioned glass to his eye, and scanned the object that had suddenly taken on such interest for all. Around a sweeping bend in the broad river a single canoe shot into sight. The strange fact about it was that the two persons in it who must have discovered the ships the moment they came into their field of vision, did not turn to the right or left, but came straight on, as if heading for the largest boat, which kept in advance of its companions.

Only one of the Indians was swaying his paddle. He dipped the blade first on one side and then on the other, and the sparkling of the water was plainly seen in the bright sunlight, as the graceful craft remained in the middle of the current.

Captain Newport, who also has a glass, came to within a few paces of where Smith

was standing, closely studying the object. Although he was jealous of the plain spoken Smith, and had been, indeed, a party to his arrest on an absurd charge, he used a certain friendliness of manner which did not deceive the bluff fellow.

"Those two warriors have more courage than their friend," remarked Newport.

"There is only *one* warrior in the canoe," replied Smith, still keeping the telescope to his eye; "the other is a woman, and——"

He hesitated as if waiting to feel sure before saying anything further.

When Newport had spent another minute or two in studying the boat he said:

"You are right, and the woman is not an old one."

"She is not a woman, but a girl."

"Probably the daughter of the warrior."

"That cannot be, for he is not much more than a boy—at most, he is only a young man."

"As young as *you*?"

There was sarcasm in the question, and it was marked by a grin, which Smith did not see.

"He is younger in years than I, but not so young in wisdom as Captain Newport."

This remark was natural to Captain Smith, who had little respect for those in authority when they deserved none. Moreover,

the words were spoken in such loud tones that twenty others heard them, and, while they wondered at the boldness of Smith, they admired him the more. Still further, their feeling were the same as his, for Christopher Newport was much less a man in the true meaning of the word than John Smith.

CHAPTER II

BROTHER AND SISTER

Captain John Smith was right as to the persons in the canoe which was coming down the James River and heading for the *Sarah Constant*. Seated a little in front of the middle of the craft, swinging the paddle, first on one side and then on the other, was a pleasing-looking Indian youth, who certainly was not twenty years of age. While propelling the boat he faced the vessels down the river. He had the usual long, coarse black hair of his people, which dangled about his shoulders, and his face was stained with the juice of the *puccoon*, or blood root. His chest was bare, but his waist was clasped with a girdle of deerskin, a shirt falling below to his knees, while leggings reached to his neat fitting moccasins, which were ornamented with beads. He was finely formed, and must have been fleet of foot and a fine warrior, despite his few years.

The most interesting one in the canoe, however, was the sister of this youth. She was not more than a dozen years old, and showed a regularity of feature and beauty of countenance rarely seen among her race.

You will often hear Indian men and women spoken of as very handsome, but, in truth, there are very few worthy of the compliment. I have traveled among many tribes, and seen hundreds of the leading warriors and young women, and among them all were not ten who could be truly called attractive. I refer to their countenances, for their grace of form and movement is striking. But the high cheek-bones give their faces a lumpy appearance, their mouths are generally broad, and the features irregular. Now and then, however, we meet one whose beauty is striking because of its contrast with those around. Such was the fact in the present case.

The best that could be said of the young man was that he was pleasing in appearance. He had fine black eyes—as have all his race of pure blood—regular, even teeth, and an expression of brightness and good nature, but he could not compare with his young sister. Her features were of almost classical beauty, and had she been a Caucasian she would have been admired among any people.

Moreover, her dress was different from any that had caught the eyes of the observant Englishmen. Sitting at the bow, with enough space between her and her brother for their two long bows and quivers of arrows, she had thrown back her outer clothing,

which was a robe of doeskin, lined with down from the breast of the wood-pigeon. She wore coral bracelets on her wrists and ankles, and a white plume in her abundant hair.

Her skirt and leggings were similar to her brother's, but the upper part of her body was clothed in a close-fitting jacket of doeskin, which covered her pretty, plump arms to the elbow. The comeliness of her face was not marred by the crimson juice that her broother used, and which was a favorite with most of her sex. This girl, who was growing fast, was a natural athlete, who could speed like a deer through the woods, launch an arrow with the accuracy of a veteran warrior, swim with the grace and swiftness of a fish, and read the faint signs of the woods as we read the pages of a printed book.

By and by I shall mention the name of this famous miss; until then I shall let you see whether you can guess it. I am sure every one of you has heard it many times in the course of your reading of the history of my country.

Nantaquas, as the young man was named, and his favorite sister had left their home a long way up the river, meaning to paddle down stream, and probably call upon some of their friends, when, in rounding a bend in the stream, they were startled by the sight of the three vessels, slowly coming up

the river with their white sails spread, and their decks crowded by strangely-dressed men, studying the shores between which they were gliding in their immense "canoes."

The sight, as well may be supposed, filled the two with amazement. Nantaquas stopped paddling for a minute or two, while both gazed at the sight. To them, in their forest home on the banks of the James, had come vague rumors of a people who lived far beyond the Great Water, whose skins were of a much lighter color than their own, and whose canoes were like giant birds, which were able to sail in saftey when the storms drove the craft of the red men to shelter. Runners from the tribes to the far south had brought most of these stories. It is on record that Captain John Smith once met a party of Iroquois who were exploring this region. In their distant homes in Central New York they had heard the same strange accounts of white men and their ships, and the Iroquois brought the tidings to the tribes in Virginia.

So, as I have said, when Nantaquas and his sister saw the three vessels coming up the James River they had a fair idea of their nature, and of the meaning of this visit to the region which never before had known the tread of the pale-faced race. The girl was lively, curious, and full of faith

in human nature—far more so than most of her people.

When she had looked for several minutes in silent amazement at the craft, and noted the forms of men on the decks, she said:

"Why are they coming to the country of Powhatan?"

"I know not," replied her brother, resuming the sway of his paddle, but more gently than before, and turning his head as he spoke, that she might hear him more plainly; "it may be they mean to take away our hunting grounds."

The other laughed.

"How can that be, when the warriors of Powhatan are like the leaves on the trees, and they are eager to do his will? There is but a handful of the pale-faces; surely we have nothing to fear from them; Nantaquas, let us visit the big canoes."

The proposal struck the youth so favorably that he increased the speed of his craft, and, as has already been shown, drew rapidly near the *Sarah Constant*, whose passengers and crew watched the approach of the graceful birchen structure with keen curiosity. As Nantaquas sped down stream, however, he was thinking hard, and he began to ask himself questions, which showed a doubt of the wisdom of carrying out the wishes of his sister. He believed that any people

who were treated kindly, and in whom confidence was shown, would give the same treatment to those that were good to them. She would not have feared to climb the side of the big canoe and welcome the white men. She knew they had much greater knowledge than her own people; and, though she and her brother had no food or presents to offer the visitors, they could show their friendship towards them.

But Nantaquas was wise beyond his years. He recalled that the stories which he had heard of the white men were not to their credit. Some of them had slain Indians as though they were wild animals; they had treated them with great cruelty, and repaid kindness with brutality. The reason that such reports came to Nantaquas was that they were brought by visitors from the south, where the Spanish had made settlements. The story of their colonization of the United States and Mexico was stained by many dreadful crimes, which might well make the youth hesitate to trust himself or his sister in their power. They were likely, he thought, to carry one or both off as prisoners or demand a large price for their ransom. So it was, that as Nantaquas drew near the *Sarah Constant*, he gradually slackened his speed, until he finally held his paddle motionless,

and allowed the canoe to come to rest with much space still between the two crafts.

By this time everyone on the three vessels was intently watching the little canoe and its occupants. Sails were still hoisted, and the vessels kept moving slowly up stream, the tide being at its turn. On either shore were gathered staring groups of Indians, men, women, and even children, whose emotions were as stirring as those of the white men on the larger craft. The face of the pretty young girl in the canoe glowed, for never had she gazed upon so wonderful a picture. Scores of men in their peaked hats, several of which were adorned with flowing plumes, their short coats clasped about the waist with broad girdles, with a huge buckle in front, the short breeches ending at the knees, with the heavy stockings below, and, more than all, the tanned countenances, some of which were covered with shaggy beards, made up a picture that might well hold the two wondering spectators almost breathless.

Nantaquas checked his boat when a hundred yards from the largest vessel. Inasmuch as that kept moving, he dallied with his paddle just enough to hold his graceful craft abreast. Captain John Smith, the famous navigator, Bartholomew Gosnold, Wingfield, Newport, Ratcliffe, Martin and Ken-

dall—all of whom had been named as Councillors by King James—were at the rail of the *Sarah Constant*, looking off and down at the visitors, who, although they had come so close, hesitated to draw nearer to the vessel.

Captain Smith called in his bass, resonant welcome:

"Welcome! Welcome! Will you not come that we may shake hands with you and break bread together?"

Of course, not a word of this was understood by Nantaquas and his sister, but the beckoning gestures of more than one man formed a language whose meaning was plain. The girl asked her brother impatiently:

"Why do you hesitate? They wish to greet us; you are ungrateful."

There was decision in the tones of the youth: "They are strangers; we have heard evil things of many of them; we shall go no nearer."

She knew it was useless to argue with him when he was in such a mood. She pouted, but said no more. Since the gestures gave a clue to the meaning of the words of invitation, Nantaquas raised one hand, palm outward, and waved it towards the ship. He meant it as a courteous refusal to accept the invitation, and, that there might be no mistake as to his meaning, he suddenly dipped his paddle deep in the water, and

sent the canoe skimming up stream. His companion continued in displeased silence, and the men on the ship repeated their gestures of welcome, though they knew they would remain unheeded.

Only one of the Englishmen noticed a peculiar thing at this moment. Nothing seemed to escape the keen eyes of Captain Smith. Shifting his glance from the little boat speeding up stream, he looked to the left, or south. The shore was a long distance away, for the river is very wide at this point, and he saw a thin column of smoke filtering upwards from among the trees on a wooded elevation, a little way inland. It was not an ordinary column of vapor, such as burning brushwood makes, but it had a wavy motion from side to side. The same clear vision which noted this, noted also that the column of smoke was broken so as to show two distinct gaps between the base and the top, where it melted into the clear atmosphere against the blue sky beyond.

There could be no question that a signal fire had been kindled on the slight elevation, and that the peculiar look of the vapor was a message sent by someone to someone else, who, probably, was far in the depths of the wilderness. Who should read its meaning? No white man certainly, though

he for whose eyes it was meant would have no trouble in understanding it.

Captain Smith glanced from face to face around him, and saw that none had noticed the proceedings. He said nothing, for no one could instruct him; but the shrewd fellow was certain in his own mind that, whatever the message might be, it had to do with the white men who were sailing up the great river, hunting for a spot upon which to find the first real settlement in the New World.

Nantaquas plied the paddle like one who could never tire. He had been trained in the ways of the woods from the time he was able to walk. He had come a long distance down stream on this glowing day in May, and the exercise of propelling the canoe might be kept up for hours without weariness on his part. The same may be said of his companion, for she had proved it many a time, and would have proved it in the present instance, had her brother permitted; but he showed no such wish, and, after passing above the bend which shut the strange picture from sight, he kept up the same machine-like swaying of the arms, until they had traversed a goodly number of miles, and the beauteous spring afternoon was drawing to a close.

And, throughout this long interval, neither he nor his sister spoke. She was displeased

because of his refusal to take her aboard the big canoe, and, though she loved him too dearly to feel anything in the nature of real anger, she meant he should know that, in her opinion, he had acted the churl. He understood her feeling, and wisely gave her time to rally from it. Indian though he was, he shared with her a certain waggish disposition which often showed itself. He did several things that may seem strange in one of his race. The bow and stern of the canoe were similar, so that it could go in one direction as well as the other. He was seated just beyond the middle, facing the course it was following, while the girl, having gathered her robe about her shoulders as the chill of the coming evening made itself felt, was at the stern. As she looked at her brother she saw his back, and noted the action of the coppery arms as they swung the paddle with perfect skill.

She was gazing absently at the mass of black hair dangling about his shoulders, thinking, no doubt, how "horrid" he had been, when he abruptly paused, turned, looked straight into her face, and made a comical grimace. He did not speak, and immediately resumed his paddling. She pouted more than before, turned up her pretty nose, and stared to the left at the wooded shore. Ten or fifteen minutes later

he repeated his action, except that he continued grimacing and chuckling, as if determined to make her smile. She flushed and strove hard to keep her cross contenance, but could not. She laughed, in spite of herself, but, as he resumed paddling, she reached forward, caught hold of a strand of his hair, and pulled it, taking pains to jerk *upwards*, so as to make sure it hurt. It was a vigorous pull, but Nantaquas acted as if unaware that anything of the kind had taken place, and the girl, as if sorry for her petty outburst, sat back again and looked in a more kindly way at the big brother whom she loved so dearly.

None the less she was planning how she could punish him for his disregard of her wishes. By and by the sparkle of her black eyes told that she had hit upon a scheme. She was impatient for the moment to come, though, in the nature of things, it was already at hand.

Within the following half-hour Nantaquas turned the prow of the canoe towards the northern shore, gradually slackening his work as it sped to land. Just before touching the bank he made a long sweep with the paddle, which turned the craft around, and then reversed the propulsion, so as to land the girl first. Instead of stepping out before

her, he gave that honor, as was befitting to the imperious young woman.

And as he did so the same young woman, with a thrill of pleasure,saw that her moment of revenge had come!

CHAPTER III

FATHER AND DAUGHTER

The canoe had not yet touched the land, when the girl leaped out as lightly as a fawn, not pausing to pick up her bow and quiver, lying in the bottom of the boat beside those of her brother. Facing about, she grasped the front of the craft with both hands, as if to draw it up the bank beyond reach of the action of the tide.

Almost at the same moment Nantaquas laid his dripping paddle beside the implements, and rose partly to his feet, bending over to gather up the bows and arrows. In the act of doing so, and while his body was in a stooping posture, the girl gave a lightning-like, sideways jerk to the boat, snapping it forward like a flash, for a distance of fully two feet. The youth had no thought of anything of the kind, and yet, knowing his sister as well as he did, he *ought* to have been prepared. Thrown so suddenly off his balance, he went backward over the side of the canoe, which narrowly escaped upsetting; and, as his heels kicked in the air and he vainly threw out his arms to save himself, he dropped out of sight in water twenty feet deep.

The girl screamed with delight. Her scheme had worked to perfection; she had punished her brother as she planned, and as he deserved. Down, down he went, before he could right himself and get his bearings. Then his head popped up, he blew the water from his mouth, and one or two powerful strokes brought him to land. Scrambling to his feet, he made for the laughing girl. He was not angry, for he admired her brightness, but—wait till he could lay hands on the mischievous sprite!

But she was not yet caught. Brimming over with fun, she darted into the wood, with him in headlong pursuit. Perhaps on the open plain, in a straightaway chase, he might have overtaken her, though it is by no means certain; but she was quicker than he in dodging, turning, and doubling. With one hand outstretched, and seemingly about to grasp an arm or shoulder, his fingers closed on vacancy, as she whisked to one side, and, waiting until he repeated the attempt, she slipped again beyond reach. Like a civilized girl, she kept screaming and laughing while thus engaged, glancing continually over her shoulder, and baffling her pursuer at the very moment that success seemed certain.

All the time she was heading toward her home, not far off in the woods, while he,

forgetful of the implements left behind in the canoe, kept up his efforts to lay hands on her. He would not believe he could fail, and she nurtured the self-delusion on his part, encouraging him once or twice by allowing the outstretched hand to touch her robe, though it could never grip it fairly.

Suddenly, just as he held his breath ready to leap forward and pounce upon her, and it looked as it nothing could save the fugitive, she did a very clever thing. She darted across a spot in the woods where the ground was covered with many running vines. She did this, but he was too earnest in the pursuit to notice danger. She led him on, and again his hand shot out almost over her shoulder, when he caught his moccasin in one of the vines, that was like so many yards of fine steel wire, and sprawled forward on his face, with a force that drove the breath from his body, and seemed to make the earth shake with the shock.

And then she could run no farther, from very excess of merriment. Pressing one hand against the nearest tree-trunk to support her, she laughed until she could hardly stand. He slowly climbed to his feet and shook his head. She was not assured that he had given up the chase, and held herself ready to bound away again, when both

abruptly paused at the discovery that a third party had appeared on the scene.

Two or three rods in advance, on the same line the two had been pursuing, stood a tall Indian, fully six feet in stature, motionless, and surveying the couple with an enquiring expression. He was three score years of age, his long locks were sprinkled with grey, and his face was stern and seamed by the passage of the many stormy years. He was thin almost to emaciation, but the fire burned in the black eyes as fiercely as when he first went on the warpath. He was dressed much like the younger warrior, except that the upper part of his body was encased in a jacket similar to that of the girl, and his countenance was unstained. In the girdle about his waist were thrust a long knife and the handle of a tomahawk, but he carried no bow and quiver. Standing rigidly upright, with his coppery face like that of a stone image, he looked sternly at the two.

Hardly had the girl caught sight of him, when she ran forward, and, throwing both arms about his waist, called out in pretended panic:

"Father, save me from Nantaquas! He means to kill me!"

Laying one hand fondly on the wealth of hair about his chest, the parent gazed at the young man and demanded:

"What is the meaning of these strange actions?"

Standing in his garments, still wet from his recent upset, the smiling son pointed to his sister.

"She will tell Powhatan her story."

The American Indian has the reputation of being stoical. It is true that he will bear the most poignant anguish and torture without a sign of suffering. He is trained to suppress his emotions, especially before strangers, but there are no persons in the world who love their children more affectionately; and when beyond the sight of strangers they often indulge in expressions of that love.

The chieftain of whom I am now speaking was the most famous Indian connected with the colonial history of Virginia. He was Powhatan, one of the sternest and most unflinching leaders of his race. He ruled over numerous tribes, nearly all of whom he had conquered and brought under his sway. From Virginia to the far south none was his equal. He had several homes, at each of which he lived a part of every year, and was always surrounded when at any of them by a strong guard, numbering forty or fifty of his tallest warriors.

Since you have learned that Powhatan was the father of the two who now stood

before him, there is no longer any excuse for keeping back the name of the girl, for I am sure you guessed it long ago. She was Pocahontas, pretty, bright, and kind hearted, and the favorite of the terrible Powhatan, who permitted any liberties from her, and rarely refused her a request which he could gratify. Nantaquas was another favorite, though he had other sons who were well worthy of their father's fame.

Releasing herself from the embrace of her parent, Pocahontas stepped back a couple of paces, and with sparkling eyes and glowing face told Powhatan about the incident that had sent her flying from before her brother. It would have done your heart good to see those iron features relax as the sachem listened to the delightful story. Although well advanced in years, and a stoic by training, he could not wholly forget the time when he was such a youth as that son who stood a little way back, with arms folded, listening to the words of his sister, and never offering objection.

Powhatan extended his arms, and as Pocahontas stepped impulsively forward, he placed a hand under each of her elbows, and tossed her like a feather several feet up in the air. As she came down he caught her in his grasp, held her closely to him, and fondled her hair and patted her dusky

cheek; while she, in turn, reached up and patted his wrinkled face. No father and child could have loved each other more truly than Powhatan and Pocahontas.

But the grim parent did not permit himself to indulge long in his caresses of the one so dear to him. Again patting her head, he said:

"Let my child go to her home; Powhatan has something he would say to Nantaquas."

She obediently turned away. Her course carried her behind the sachem, who had withdrawn all attention from her. Pausing an instant, she looked at her brother, who was still standing with folded arms, and who turned to glance at her the moment she halted, curious to learn the cause. He was quickly informed, for standing thus, where no one else saw her, she made the same comical grimace at him that he made at her when paddling the canoe. He suddenly started towards her, but took only a step, when she was off like a bird. Powhatan turned his head, but caught only a glance of the handsome robe, the white plume, and the twinkling moccasins, as they flitted from sight.

You will bear in mind that in giving the conversations between the various Indians who pass before us, I use the utmost liberality in translation. As a rule, their sentences

are short, and often ornamented with striking figures of speech. They sound stiff, and are sometimes hard to understand by those not accustomed to them. It will be better, therefore, to try to put their meaning in the form which you use in your conversation.

Hardly had Pocahontas darted from sight, when the chieftain said to his son:

"The pale-faces have come across the Deep Water to the hunting-grounds of Powhatan and his people."

"Yes; we met them on the river in their big canoes; they spoke words, though we did not understand what they said, nor could they know the meaning of our words. They have come to make their homes among us."

The remark of the chieftain proved that the signal fire, of which mention has been made, was not only meant for him, but that he read the message. It seems strange that so much could be told by the fashioning of the thin column of smoke rising from a small fire kindled on the crest of a slight elevation; but such means of telegraphy have been used by the American Indians for centuries, and the speed with which they send tidings across wide stretches of country almost surpasses belief. It is only a few years since that an important treaty was signed by the United States Government agents with a number of tribes in the West. The parties were so

far removed from the nearest telegraph station that the news did not reach Washington until three days later; yet it was known to tribes four and five hundred miles distant the afternoon of the day of signing, and within a few hours after the signatures were written. The message was signalled from mountain peak to mountain peak, across wide stretches of prairie, and hundreds of warriors discussed the matter long before their chiefs set out for their distant homes.

So in the case of Powhatan, chief of many tribes, who knew of the coming of the white men while they were sailing up the James, and for several days before he saw any one of them. It is easy to understand how an ordinary message, relating to simple affairs, can be carried by the means named, but it is wonderful how news, unlike any that had ever before been sent across an expanse of forest, could have been read by the sachem and others for whom it was meant.

Powhatan left no doubt that he was deeply displeased by the appearance of the white men, where they had never before set foot. They had come into the heart of the country which belonged to him, and he was too wise to fail to see the meaning of the visit.

"They will come to land, and build their wigwams; they will till the ground, and hunt the game in the woods; by and by others will

come and make their homes beside them; and they will keep on coming, till they are like the leaves on the trees; we have heard from the red men of the south that they bring strange weapons; that they shoot fire, and slay men who are far beyond the reach of our bows and arrows; all the pale-faces are alike; they will kill the red men or drive them into the sea, until none is left."

"The words of Powhatan are wise," said Nantaquas respectfully; "I am afraid of them, and would not trust Pocahontas in their power."

"My son did right; she is but a child; she must stay away from them."

"And what shall be done with the pale-faces?" asked Nantaquas, who understood the dark expression of his father. "Shall they be left alone when they go ashore, that their numbers may increase—though I do not think they have any women with them?"

"When the serpent is small, a child may crush it under the heel of her mocassin, but, if left to grow, it will soon sting her to death."

The meaning of these words was plain; Powhatan intended to destroy the weak colony before the white men could send for other friends to sail across the Great Water. Few even though they were, the work should be hard and dangerous, when so little was known of the real nature of their fearful weapons;

but, no doubt, the thousands of warriors that Powhatan could summon to the task would do it well, thus crushing the danger in the bud.

Powhatan, like most of his race, was a man of few words. Having made known his resolve, he ordered his son to lead the way to where the canoe had been left on the bank of the stream. When it was reached he stepped within, and, instead of seating himself at the stern, took his place at the bow. It would have been sacrilege for Nantaquas to suggest that the chieftain who is referred to by historians as "Emperor" should use the paddle. No vassal could have been meeker than the son when he headed down the river, handling the oar with the same skill that he had shown earlier in the day.

By this time the afternoon was drawing to a close, but there was a bright moon in the sky, which lit up the broad, smooth surface of the James as if it were day. The sachem sat silent and erect, with no appearance of curiosity, but the keen eyes, which pierced the gathering gloom, did not let the smallest object escape them. Passing around the long, sweeping bend that has been described, the large vessel and two smaller ones came into view, lying at anchor, within a short distance of shore. It might have been thought that the emigrants had come to rest, to wait till the morrow before going farther

up stream, had not smaller boats been seen passing to and fro between the ships and the land. But more still was soon learned.

Although from what Nantaquas and Pocahontas had told it would seem that little was to be feared at present from these unwelcome visitors, the life of Powhatan was too precious to permit any unnecessary risk to be run. He ordered his son to go a little nearer, holding himself ready to make instant flight when told to do so. Thus edging up, they were able to see three or four tents on a small peninsula, jutting out from the northern shore. The white men from across the sea had already landed and begun the first lasting English settlement in the New World.

Nantaquas would have liked to visit the newcomers, now that his sister was not with him, but Powhatan would not allow it, and, at his command, he turned the head of the canoe up stream, before it had attracted notice, and paddled hurriedly from the place. As before, the chieftain did not speak, even after the boat had been run to land and drawn up the beach. He stepped out, and, with the majesty that was rarely or never absent, strode through the wilderness to his lodge or native "palace," with his son walking silently at the rear. Arrived there, he held a long council with his under chiefs and leading warriors. The plans for the destruction of

the colony were fixed; but before he slept that night Pocahontas drew from him all that had been agreed upon, and she did not rest until he had given his promise to defer the fearful work. He would not pledge himself to do more than postpone his purpose, but such postponement was of the greatest importance to the welfare of the little colony

CHAPTER IV

A CALL OF STATE

The three small ships with their one hundred and five men sailed up the James River, until they had reached a point some fifty miles from its mouth, when their interest was drawn to a low peninsula, which put out from the northern shore. It was a bad site for a settlement, because it was half covered with water at high tide. Since those days it has become an island; but it looked so pleasing to the men who had been tossed on the stormy ocean for so many months, that it was taken as their new home. Anchor was dropped, the smaller boats began taking the emigrants and their belongings to shore, and there, on May 13th, 1607, was founded Jamestown, which, as I have already stated, was the first lasting settlement planted by the English in the New World.

Sad to say, nearly three quarters of a century later, when the colony was torn by civil strife, Jamestown was burned to the ground, and never rebuilt. All that remains are the ruins of an old church tower and a few mouldering tombstones. These are rapidly crum-

bling; the waves dash mournfully against the shore; the sea-fowl flit past; and ere many years come and go all traces of the famous town will have disappeared.

As the English went ashore they pitched their tents, but the season was so mild that they found it more agreeable to make their homes for the time under the verdant foliage of the trees while building their cabins. These were put up on the neck of the peninsula, and before long the place took on the appearance of a community. It is a pleasure to recall that these people were good churchmen, and from the hour of their landing gave strict attention to the duties of religion. The first place of public worship in America was a ragged tent. An awning was stretched among the trunks of trees, and a bar, fastened between two of these, served as a reading desk. At this Mr. Hunt read the Service morning and evening, preached twice each Sunday, and, at intervals of three months, celebrated the Holy Communion. When he was prevented through illness or other causes, Captain John Smith or some of his associates read the service.

As soon as the hurry of work was over, a structure was put up. Of course, it was of modest size and build, but when Lord Delaware arrived three years later, he records that this first religious edifice built by English-

men in America was sixty feet long and twenty four feet wide.

It would seem that the best of beginnings had been made, for trees were felled, cabins built, and a church erected; but a woeful mistake lay in the character of the men themselves. Very few had the least fitness for pioneer work. When the box was opened in which King James had sealed the names of the first seven Councillors, all but two of those selected proved grossly unfit. These two were Bartholomew Gosnold and John Smith. Gosnold soon died, and Smith had not been freed from arrest on the charge of plotting against the colony. Edward Maria Wingfield was chosen first president, but he was lazy, self-indulgent, and seemed to be able to think of nothing except Smith and his plots for placing himself at the head of affairs. The other Councillors were no better than he, and the prospect of Jamestown was dark.

This sad unfitness was not confined to the rulers. More than half the men were ranked as "gentlemen," which in those times meant persons who did not do manual labor. The wil rumors of the abundance of gold in the New World drew them across the ocean. They believed that it would take only a short time to load the three vessels with the yellow metal, when they would return to England and live in luxury for the rest of their days.

You naturally find that most of those who toiled for a living were jewelers and gold-refiners.

Sturdy, rugged, honest John Smith saw all this with anger and disgust. He knew what was surely coming, and calmly waited for it to come. Although shut out from the Council, he did not sulk, though he felt the injustice. "By and by they will ask for me," he thought, as he went vigorously to work. He impressed upon his friends the necessity of keeping on good terms with the Indians. The season was far advanced, but corn was planted with the certainty that it would ripen fast in that favoring climate and soil. But the food brought over the ocean would not last more than two or three months, when it would be necessary to obtain supplies from the Indians. If they chose to withhold it, it would go ill with the white men.

Now if you will look at your map again, you will note the situation of Jamestown on the northern shore. Tracing the course of the James River towards its source, you will observe the city of Richmond, the capital of Virginia, on the same side of the river, but well up in Henrico county. Below the site of Richmond, in the direction of Jamestown, was the principal residence of Powhatan, chief of thirty tribes, his own immediate tribe being scattered inland and along the river to

the south and east. It was a two-day's journey between the village of Powhatan and Jamestown.

Distrustful of the old chief's temper towards them, Captain Smith and a party of his men took the first chance to sail up the river and pay a formal visit to the Emperor of the country. The name of the town itself was Powhatan, from which fact the same title has been given to the famous chieftain, whose Indian name was different. The aboriginal capital stood on a small hill, and numbered twelve houses, in front of which were three small islands in the river. The "palace" was a large, native structure of bark and skins, with a sort of bedstead at one side, on which Powhatan sat. With his majestic mien, his robe of raccoon skins, and the feathers in his grizzly hair, he suggested a king upon his throne.

When Smith and two of his companions were brought into the presence of this Emperor the scene was striking. Along each wall of the dwelling stood two rows of young women at the rear, and two rows of men in front of them. The faces and shoulders of all the females were stained with the red juice of the puccoon, and a number wore chains of white beads about their necks. Almost any man would have been embarrassed when introduced into the presence of royalty of this

character. Smith's companions were mute, but he was too much a man of the world to betray any fear. He doffed his hat, made a sweeping bow, and addressed the old chieftain with as much outward respect as if he had been, indeed, the King of England.

One of the most marked proofs of the ability of Captain John Smith was that during his brief stay in Virginia he had been able to pick up enough knowledge of the Powhatan tongue to make himself fairly well understood, being helped thereto by his gestures, of which he was master. There had been Indian visitors from the first at Jamestown. All were treated so well that several spent much of their time at the settlement, studying the white men and their ways with never-ending interest. Smith became a hard student, and was thus able to tell Powhatan that he and the other pale-faces had come across the Great Water with feelings only of love for him and his people. They had no wish to take away their hunting-grounds, not to kill their game, nor to do them harm in any way. He hinted that the whites might prove to be of great help to Powhatan, for they brought strange and deadly weapons with them, which they would be glad to use in aiding him to conquer other tribes of Indians.

Captain Smith was a man of rare tact, but he blundered when he made this offer to the

old Emperor. It said, in truth, that Powhatan was not able to do his own conquering of rebellious tribes. Such was the power and self-confidence of this sachem, that any hint that he could need help in carrying out his own will was an insult to him.

Smith was quick to see his mistake, and did what he could to correct it, but he did not succeed. Powhatan was sour, and nothing was clearer than that he felt no good will toward those who had dared to make their homes in his country. He pretended not to understand the broken sentences of his visitor, until after one of his warriors had helped to interpret them. Having met with no success, Smith and his friends withdrew and set sail down the river for Jamestown.

During the interview both he and his companions used their eyes in searching for the youth and the girl who had met them when first on their way up the James. But neither Nantaquas nor Pocahontas was present, a fact which proved they were absent from the town, for, were it not so, nothing would have kept them from the "palace" on such and interesting occasion.

The boat in which the Englishmen had sailed up the river had to lie by for one cloudy night while on the way, and now the explorers found themselves overtaken by darkness, when hardly half the return voyage was made.

But the sky was clear, and again they were favored with a bright moon, which so lit up the stream that they kept on their course, with the prospect of reaching home quite early the next day.

While one of the men held the old-fashioned tiller, with nothing to do but to keep the boat well away from shore, Smith sat at the bow, thoughtfully smoking a long-stemmed pipe which he had bought from one of the friendly Indians who often visited Jamestown. The others of his associates were doing the same at a little distance, for most of the English were quick to learn the habit from the red men. The night was so still that a single sail hardly felt the touch of the gentle breeze, and only now and then did the faint ripple at the bow show that the boat was making any progress toward Jamestown.

Captain Smith had many things to vex and trouble him. He was angry when he thought of the injustice under which he suffered, and the worthlessness of those named to rule the colony. With the coming of the hot, sultry southern summer all prudence seemed to leave the settlers. They drank deeply of the unwholesome water, and the mists that brooded over the neighboring swamps were heavy with malaria, which had already laid a number on their backs, with more than one fatal issue threatened.

Those who kept healthy thought it too uncomfortable to toil when the hot sun was overhead, and as twilight and night drew near, the day was too far gone to make it worth while to labour. They would not be roused early enough in the day to do anything of account, though most of them did make a pretense of hoeing the corn, of which several acres were growing. Wingfield, the president, set the example of indolence, and instead of being moderate in eating, acted as if there never could come an end to the food that had been brought across the sea, and which was already nearly exhausted. What the colony needed above everything else was a stern, rigorous, wise head, and it is no reproach to Captain Smith that he said to himself: "*I* am the only man for the time; but they have tied my hands, though they shall not be tied long."

While the future looked so dark, he was more disturbed by the present, or what might be called the near future. He saw in the glum, resentful manner of Powhatan something more than displeasure with the presence of the white men. Holding such great power as did the chieftain, he was not likely to remain quiet much longer. He could not but know of the growing weakness of the colonists, who were short of food, with much sickness

among them, and the certainty that before long they would be at the mercy of the Indians.

Smith wondered why an attack had not been made upon the settlement long before. With the vast body of warriors that Powhatan could sumon at his will, they would have been able to crush the little band of white men, despite the dreaded firearms at their command. The pioneer had no idea that the postponement of such an assault was due to Pocahontas, nor did he learn the truth until years afterward.

He looked at the dark, frowning shores on either hand, stretching in the distance many miles beyond the farthest extent of vision when the sun was shining, and thought of the thousands of warriors who roamed and hunted through those solitudes, fighting one another, when, had they been wise enough to unite their strength, they could bid defiance to any armed fleet that England might send across the ocean.

Suddenly a star-like gleam showed on the southern shore. That it had been kindled by the Indians was not to be doubted. Watching it for a minute or so, without seeing anything more than a glowing point, Smith turned his face toward the northern bank. At the moment of doing so he observed an answering signal, and was not surprised, for

it was natural that such a reply should be made.

"They are speaking to one another about our boat, but that is of no concern to me, for I do not think we have anything to fear from them."

He scanned the two shores in the expectation of seeing other signal fires, but none showed. Meanwhile the boat made little headway against the tide, for the gentle breeze hardly fanned one's face. Smith rose to his feet, and with pipe between his lips, gazed out on the moonlit expanse of river, not expecting to discover anything unusual, and yet something of that nature quickly appeared.

A peculiar flickering toward the northern shore caught his eye, and while trying to learn what it meant he saw that the object was an Indian canoe, in which he soon made out two persons, with the nearer one swaying a paddle, while his companion sat quietly at the stern.

The Captain recalled the sight which greeted the ships when first coming up the James. There was the small craft, driven in the same manner, and with the same number of persons. Standing erect at the gunwale, he watched it closely, and a minute or two later was certain that the two were Nantaquas and Pocahontas. He had learned of

their identity from the friendly Indians who came to Jamestown, the plume worn by the girl being a badge of royalty.

The canoe was passing the bow of the ship, a hundred yards away, making no attempt to come nearer. Desiring a talk, Smith called in his resonant voice:

"Nantaquas! Will you not come aboard?"

The youth appeared to say a few words to his sister, after which he headed his craft in the direction of the larger one. A few minutes would have brought him alongside, when he was checked by a startling interruption. Through the stillness sounded a low booming sound, which rolled up the stream and was heard faintly to echo between the shores.

There could be no mistaking its meaning: it was the report of one of the small cannon on the *Sarah Constant*, and it meant danger to Jamestown.

CHAPTER V

A TIMELY ARRIVAL

Through the stillness of the summer night rolled the sound of the cannon that had been fired in front of Jamestown, many miles down the river. The report, which was not repeated, sent a thrill of alarm through Captain Smith and his friends, for to them it could have but one meaning: it had been discharged because of an attack upon the settlement by Indians.

The boom, as it traveled up the broad stream, carried the same tidings to the son and daughter of Powhatan, who were drawing near the large boat in response to the invitation of him who was returning from his visit of state to the dusky Emperor. Nantaquas plied his paddle with renewed vigor, but instantly sheered away, and instead of keeping on as he had started, made with all speed for the northern shore. It was natural to think that the white men on the larger boat would undergo an instant change of feelings when the alarming sound fell upon their ears. Indeed, the youth expected a volley from the boat, but nothing of the kind was in the mind of Captain Smith, who did not interfere while

the canoe and its occupants rapidly passed from sight.

Smith walked hurriedly to the stern, where the others had gathered about the steersman.

"The settlement has been attacked," said the captain in his quick, crisp manner. "Listen!"

All stood silent and motionless for several minutes. The *Sarah Constant* had three such pieces on board, fitted for good service, and Smith repeated that if it was necessary to discharge one of them, the urgency was equally great for the firing of the remainder. Be that as it may, the straining ears heard no second report, though the listening was long, and was repeated at intervals for a couple of hours later.

Naturally, the certainty that there was grave trouble at Jamestown intensified the impatience of Smith and his friends to reach the place as soon as they could. If *their* help was not needed, he knew *his* was, and he could not get there too quickly; but the fates were against him for the time. The wind, which had been dying out ever since sunset, now wholly ceased, and the rising tide began to carry them back towards the Indian capital. The anchor was dropped, and thus the craft lay at rest, as it must remain for several hours, awaiting the turn of the tide or perchance a rising of the wind. Two men were

placed on guard, and Smith and the others lay down to get such sleep as might come to them.

The calm lasted throughout the night, and when daylight came the surface of the James was as smooth as a summer millpond. The tide had turned, but moved so sluggishly that Captain Smith told his skipper to let the anchor remain for a few hours, all agreeing that the weather signs foretold a change at or before that time. They partook sparingly of the coarse bread which they had brought with them, adding several mouthfuls of cold fowl that the Captain had shot a few miles below the spot on their upward voyage.

His next words caused surprise. He intended to go to the southern shore with two of the men, to inquire into the signal fire that had first caught his eye the night before. He hoped to learn something of the trouble at Jamestown, though his chief hope was that he might find the way to obtain a quantity of corn, of which his countrymen stood in sore need. From what Smith had been told, he knew that a small Indian village was not far inland. There was reason to hope that through barter, or possibly, as a last resort, the display of force, the owners could be made to part with a goodly supply of food.

A number of gaudy trinkets, beads, ribbons, fanciful little knives and gewgaws were

bundled up and put in the small boat, the three men took their places, with the Captain at the stern, while each of the others began to swing the oars in the fashion that has been common since time immemorial. They were old hands, and rowed in unison, while the craft headed toward the point which the Captain had pointed out before starting. In the hope that some of the warriors would show themselves, he keenly studied the shore, both above and below; but if there were any red men in the neighborhood, they took care that none should see them.

When the boat touched land the three stepped out, the two who had used the oars drawing the boat up the bank, and then awaited the orders of Captain Smith.

Each man had a knife, a musket, and ammunition. The guns were of what is known as the snaphaunce pattern, which took the place of the clumsy firelock during the previous century. The weapons were the old style flintlocks, heavy and cumbersome, but useful in the hands of those familiar with them.

It was but natural on the part of Captain John Smith to feel certain of his superiority in every respect over any and all of his associates. This included even marksmanship and skill in the use of fire arms. It was a common practice with him when engaging in a

hunt to go away from his companions. If asked for his reason, he replied that their presence .prevented his success; he could do much better when alone. As for them, it did not matter, since they could never hope to be his equal.

So it was that at the present time he told his friends to move off together, following the course of the stream, and never wandering so far in the woods that they could not easily make their way back to the water. If they met any Indians or made any important discovery they were to halloo at the top of their voices, and he would make haste to them and take charge of things. As for him, he would decide every question as it came up. It becomes necessary for us to give our attention to the two men, while we leave the doughty Captain for a time to himself.

The only sign of the recent presence of others on the spot was the heap of ashes left by the signal fire. This had been kindled within a few feet of the stream, where there was no vegetation to hide the rays. The trinkets which all hoped could be used for barter were left in the boat. Thus it will be seen that Smith did not mean that either he or his friends should go far from the spot.

It was not strange that the name of one of the couple was also Smith, for we know that the name is the most common among civilized

people. I know a city of my own country in which I read in the directory exactly one hundred and five plain "John Smiths," and I doubt not that there are plenty of them in Great Britain. In the present instance, the Smith who had helped row the boat was no relation of the Captain. His companion was a cousin, remembered as Jack Bertram.

These two moved up-stream—that is, toward the village of Powhatan. There was no reason to believe they would come upon anything of importance by keeping near the river, where the walking was easy, so they pushed inland for a number of rods, and then took a course parallel with the James. The timber was dense, and the undergrowth so matted that it was hard to force a passage. Smith took the lead, thus making the work less for Bertram, who kept close behind him.

When they had pushed their way for a brief distance, Smith stopped.

"What good can come of this? Since no one has been over the land ahead of us, we cannot overtake anyone."

"They may be coming from the other way," said his companion, less discouraged because he was not doing such hard work in the way of traveling.

"Little promise of that. I do not understand what Captain Smith hopes to learn or do by this groping through the woods. If we

knew the way to the Indian village we should go there, and, if they would not give us corn, take it from them. Ah! I did not look for this."

That which caused this exclamation was the sight of a well-marked trail leading over the course they were following. Both stopped to study it more closely.

"It has been made by animals coming to the river to drink," said Bertram. "It can be of no help to us though it may be used also by persons."

Smith walked for a few paces, scanning the path, which soon turned to the left, leaving farther inland. At the same time the ground sloped gently upward, showing they were drawing near an elevation. Suddenly the leader halted. Glancing up, Bertram saw the reason for it, and then was as much astonished as his companion.

Standing in the trail, wonderingly staring at the couple, was the girl whom they had seen when the ships were sailing up the James River weeks before on their way to found the colony of Jamestown. There was no mistaking her. She had the same rich robe about her shoulders, and the same white plume curling over her mass of black hair that fell over her pretty shoulders. She carried her long bow in one hand, and the top of her quiver of arrows peeped from behind the left

shoulder. Her hands and moccasins were small, the latter ornamented with colored beads.

She caught sight of the white men before they saw her. She must have been coming over the path, when she observed the figures and stopped in amazement. On her comely face the emotion of astonishment was quickly followed by that of pleasure.

"It is Pocahontas," whispered Bertram, at the rear of his friend; "we saw nothing of her yesterday at the lodge of the old chief, because she was absent. I wonder what she is doing here alone?"

"Her friends can't be far off. But I say, Jack, this is a godsend."

"What do you mean?"

"You will see."

The girl did not wait after observing that she was seen by the strangers. She knew where these men had come from, and, shifting her bow to her left hand as she walked, she came smilingly forward. She had noticed the strange custom of the pale-faces when they met of clasping their hands. Without pause she reached out her hand to Smith who was in front, and said to him in broken words:

"How do? how do? Me friend; *you* friend.

Smith took the dainty palm, warmly pressed it, and then gave way to Bertram, as he stepped up beside him and did the same.

Pocahontas tried to say something more, but she knew so little of the English language that neither caught her meaning. It was amusing to note her sparkling eyes and charming smile as she saw that too many of her words were spoken in her own tongue for the men to understand them. Laughing in her childish way, she gave up the effort, and stood looking inquiringly into the bronzed faces before her, as if asking them to help her out of her trouble.

"Jack," said Smith in a low voice, "the Indians have attacked Jamestown; we don't know how many of our people they have killed; we need food; let's take this daughter of the old chief and hold her as a hostage. We will give him the choice of letting us have all the corn we want, or of having his pet daughter put to death."

"I hardly know what to say to that; it may work the other way."

"It can't; Powhatan loves her so much that he will do anything to keep harm from coming to her."

Smith did not wait to argue further, but, taking a quick step toward the smiling girl, grasped her upper arm. In answer to her questioning look, he said:

"Go with us; we take to Jamestown; won't hurt."

The smiles gave way to an expression of alarm. She held back.

"No. no, no. Me no go; Powhatan feel bad—much bad."

"You *must* go!" said Smith, tightening his grip. "We not hurt you."

Bertram stood silent throughout the brief minutes. While he hardly liked the scheme that had been sprung so suddenly upon him, he thought it might turn out well, and therefore, he did not interfere.

And then Pocahontas, child that she was, began crying and striving to wrench her arm free from the iron fingers that had closed around it. She drew back so strongly that her feet slid forward beside each other. Had not Smith used much strength she would have got away from him. Impatient over her resistance, he next tried to scare her into submission. Scowling at her, he said in savage tones.

"Stop! Come with me, or I kill!"

This, it need not be said, was an idle threat, for the man had no thought of anything of the kind, though he was ready to use more violence to subdue the girl. Probably he would have struck her, for he was a quick-tempered man, and was fast losing his patience. Pocahontas would not stop her resistance, but as she found her moccasins sliding over the slippery leaves she struggled harder than ever, with the tears streaming down her cheeks. She begged and prayed but all her

words were in her own tongue. In her panic she could not stop to try to put them in the language of which she had only slight knowledge.

Captain John Smith had gone but a little way down stream, when he decided that he had taken the wrong course. He turned about and followed after his companions, coming upon them at the crisis of the struggle between his namesake and the young daughter of Powhatan. He paused only an instant, when he angrily cried out:

"What is the meaning of this?"

The other Smith merely glanced around at his leader, and kept dragging the captive along the trail. It was Bertram who hastily said:

"She is the daughter of Powhatan. We are going to take her to Jamestown, to hold her as a hostage, and make the chief give us what corn——"

Without waiting for anything further, the Captain sprang forward, calling angrily:

"Let go! Release her!"

Before the amazed fellow could comply, he was grasped by the back of the collar. Captain Smith shifted his gun to his right hand, so as to leave the other free. The fingers were as those of a giant, and the scared Englishman let go of the sobbing prisoner. As he did so the Captain gave a

kick with his goodly right foot, which lifted his namesake clear off the ground, and sent him tumbling on his face, his peaked hat falling off, and his gun flying several yards away.

"I would do right to kill you!" called the leader, his face aflame as he glared down on the fellow, who began climbing shamefacedly to his feet. "Among all the Indians in Virginia there is not one so good a friend of the English as that little girl."

As he spoke he pointed towards the spot where she stood a minute before, but she was not there. She had taken instant advantage of her release, and fled beyond sight.

CHAPTER VI

AT JAMESTOWN

Captain Smith's burst of tempestuous anger was caused, in the first place, by the unpardonable violence shown to the gentle Pocahontas, a girl so young that she was not yet far in her "teens." In the sweetness of her nature she had shown perfect trust in the white men, and, early as it was in the settlement of Virginia, all knew she had no feeling but friendship for the people that had made their homes within the country of her father, the great Powhatan What a rude awakening was hers! What injury it was likely to do to those who were in sore need of the good will of the powerful tribes around them!

A second cause of the Captain's wrath was the fact, clear to him, that the outrage, apart from its wickedness, was the worst thing possible when viewed as to its results to the white men themselves. Instead of alarming Powhatan and forcing him to help them, it would have the contrary effect. It would add to his ill will, and lead him to measures that otherwise might have been

averted. (This, as you shall learn, was proved some years later, when Captain Argall stole Pocahontas, and came nigh causing the complete destruction of Jamestown and the settlements.)

Not only that, but the immediate results were sure to be disastrous. It was not to be supposed that Pocahontas was alone thus far from her home. She certainly had friends near at hand, she was already fleeing with her story; she would reach them in a brief while, and they would hasten to punish her enemies.

These thoughts flashed through the mind of Captain Smith, while the victim of his anger was slowly climbing to his feet. He took a step towards his namesake, meaning to strike him to the earth again, but the man shrank away, with no word of protest. The Captain checked himself and said:

"We must hasten to the boat before we are cut off. Come!"

The fellow picked up his hat and gun, and Captain Smith led the way at a rapid stride over the trail and through the dense undergrowth, till they reached the margin of the stream, along which they hurried to the spot where the prow of the craft had been drawn up the bank. He pushed it free and stepped within. Instead of seating himself at the stern, he did so at the bow,

so that he faced the shore they were leaving, as did the two who hastily sat down and caught up the oars. The one who was named Smith was nearest the stern, his companion being between him and the Captain, with all three, as has been shown, looking towards the shore they were fast leaving behind them.

"Row hard," said the Captain, "for you have no time to spare."

Neither of the men had spoken a word since the rescue of Pocahontas, and they bent to their oars with the utmost energy. They knew they had done wrong, and naught was left but to obey the command of their leader, which they did with right good will.

The tide was sweeping down stream so fast that the craft took a diagonal position under the impulse of the oar, this being necessary to hold a direct course to the waiting boat in midstream. The three had not reached a point fifty yards from land, when a young Indian warrior dashed through the undergrowth into the open space on the beach. He was Nantaquas, and almost at his side was his sister Pocahontas. He held his long bow, firmly gripped in the middle by his left hand, and had drawn an arrow from the quiver behind his shoulder, which was partly fitted to the string of deer-thong. The girl pointed excitedly to the man Smith

who was rowing, and who was nearer to them than either of the others. She was showing the guilty man to her brother, who had probably asked the question of her.

"Look out!" warned the Captain. "He means to shoot you!"

The endangered fellow was so flustered that he broke the regularity of the strokes of the two, though Jack Bertram strove hard to catch it again. He kept his eye on the young warrior, who rigidly straightened his left arm, with the hand gripping the middle of the long bow, while he drew the feathered arrow to its head, and sighted at the alarmed oarsman.

Captain Smith watched Nantaquas, not allowing the slightest movement to escape him. Suddenly he called:

"*Down!*"

The other Smith instantly flung himself forward on his face, so that he was hidden by the low gunwale. Bertram, hardly knowing what he did, dodged to one side. The Captain did not stir. He knew *he* was in no danger.

At the same moment that the oarsman went down Nantaquas launched his arrow, which came with such swiftness that it made a flickering streak in the sunlight which the eye could hardly follow. Captain Smith caught a glimpse of something like the flit-

ting of a bird's wing, and the missile flashed over the very spot where the intended victim had been sitting an instant before, driven with such unerring aim that, but for his quickness, the arrow would have been buried in his chest.

So great was the power with which the missile was fired that it seemed to dart horizontally outward for nearly a hundred feet beyond the boat before it dipped enough for the point to drop into the water, where it turned rapidly over several times, and the flint-head sank below the surface.

Brief as was the time, the oarsman partly regained his coolness. He raised his head, but instead of drawing upon his oars he dropped them, and reached for the musket at his feet. His companion kept toiling with all his strength.

"Drop that!" thundered Captain Smith. "It would serve you right if you were killed! *Use your oars!*"

The two men, in their flurry, forgot to hold the boat to the right course, so that it took a more direct one than before. Had this been done from the first, Nantaquas could not have launched his arrow without endangering Captain Smith, since he would have been in the line of aim. At any moment the Captain could have shot Nantaquas, who stood out in the clear view, or either of

his companions could have done the same, but the leader would not allow it. He sympathized with the "prince," and though he did not care to have the offender slain, he would not permit any injury to be done to Nantaquas.

The youth had fitted another arrow to his bow, and now drew it to the head. The keen eyes of Captain Smith noted every movement. He saw that after drawing his right hand half-way back, Nantaquas held it stationary. He saw that if he fired again, and the man serving as his target dodged, the arrow was likely to strike Captain Smith, unless he was equally quick in eluding it. Moreover, the distance was increasing so fast that every second added to the difficulty of the shot. He knew which man had befriended Pocahontas, and eager as he was to slay the criminal, he must forego that pleasure in order to spare the friend.

Holding the long bow poised for a few seconds, he slowly lowered it, still keeping the notch of the arrow pressed against the string, as if expecting a new chance to present itself. If the boat would turn partially sideways toward him, as at first, he might still bring down his man; but the oarsman had learned wherein their safety lay, and took care to make no mistake.

All this time the boat was moving rapidly,

and it was not long before it passed beyond bowshot.

Nantaquas remained standing in full view on the shore, his sister beside him, both watching the receding craft until it came alongside the large one, and the three stepped aboard, leaving the small boat to be towed at the stern. Then brother and sister turned about, and passed from sight in the forest.

A brisk breeze was blowing, and Captain Smith and his companions had hardly joined their friends when the anchor was hoisted, and they were carried at good speed toward Jamestown, which they reached early that afternoon. There they learned that the settlement had passed through a trying experience during the absence of Captain Smith and his party.

Although the Englishmen arrived at the site of Jamestown rather late in the season for planting, and although many of them were too indolent to work, others did what they could to make up for the lost time. In the rich soil, which had been cleared of trees, corn that had been obtained from the Indians was planted, and quickly showed a vigor of growth that promised the best results.

On the day that Captain Smith sailed up the James to make his call of state upon Powhatan, more than twenty men were engaged in planting and cultivating the corn

already put in the ground. Without any warning, and when no one dreamed of danger, the woods near by began raining arrows. They came in bewildering showers, amid the shouts of the Indians, of whom only occasional glimpses were caught, as they flitted from tree to tree, while they used the trunks as shields. The English, stricken with panic, dropped their implements and ran behind the stockades, which had been finished only a short time before. Hurried as was their flight, those who glanced behind them saw one man lying motionless on his face. He was dead, pierced by so many arrows that he looked like a huge porcupine. Nearly all the others had been struck, some of them two or three times; and when they ran panting through the open gate the missiles were still sticking in their bodies and clothing. Actual count showed that seventeen men had been wounded, most of them slightly, though three or four seemed likely to die of their hurts. Happily, however, all recovered.

Instead of leaving, the Indians kept their places in the woods, continually launching their arrows at the settlers. While these were harmless when directed against the stockades, some of the warriors showed great skill in curving them so that they dropped inside the defences. It required keen watch-

fulness on the part of the defenders to save themselves from being badly hurt, for, when a sharp-pointed missile comes almost straight downward from a height of more than a hundred feet, it is likely to do fatal damage. The Englishmen could protect themselves from mishaps, but could do little in the way of driving off their assailants while they were so well shielded among the trees.

Matters stood thus when the *Sarah Constant* took a hand. Dropping a little way down stream, so as to get clear range of the stretch of woods in which their enemies shielded themselves while keeping up their attack, she discharged two of her cannon that were loaded to the muzzle with slugs. It is not likely that any of the warriors were hurt by the missiles, but when they saw large limbs splintered and falling about their heads, and heard the rattle among the leaves and twigs overhead and about them, they were terrified, and scurried off in as headlong a panic as that of the settlers when attacked by the red men.

Not another foe was seen during the day, though there could be no doubt that more than one pair of black eyes were peeping from among the vegetation, the owners, no doubt, wondering as to the nature of the awful weapon that could tear the big branches from the trees. Some time after dark, how-

ever, the sentinels heard sounds in the woods near at hand, which showed that their enemies had returned, and, of course, were plotting mischief. The larger vessel, which had held her place after driving off the Indians earlier in the day, now fired another assortment of missiles, and this ended all trouble of that nature for some time to follow. It was the report of this cannon which had travelled up the James to the boat where Captain Smith sat meditatively smoking.

The first attack on Jamestown brought good results. It was clear to all that the settlement must have a vigorous head, and that he must be a military man. Wingfield, as has been shown, had no qualification whatever for the office. He must be displaced, or the colony would go to ruin. Smith was determined on his removal, and as a first step he demanded that a trial by jury should be given himself on the charges made long before, and for which he was still under arrest.

Wingfield refused, and when Smith insisted he replied that he would send him back to England to be tried by the authorities there.

"You will not!" said the angry Captain. "The charter provides for the trial of all such charges in Virginia; it is my right, and I will not be denied it!"

So, against his will, the Governo gave Smith his trial, which was the first ne by jury in America; and never did an accused man gain a greater triumph. Every charge brought against him was shown to be false: the witnesses broke down, and those who swore that Captain Smith had plotted to obtain the mastery of the colony were proved to have sworn falsely. He might have been boastful and overbearing at times, but he was unselfish, and always thought of the real interests of those who had crossed the ocean with him to found homes in the New World. Smith was not only declared innocent of the shameful charges, but his chief persecutor, a member of the Council, was ordered to pay a fine of 200 pounds. When this large sum was handed to Smith, he gave it to the colony for the general use. Then all parties partook of the Communion, declared themselves friends, amd Smith took his seat as a member of the Council.

He had no wish to be Governor or President, though he knew the day was near when no one else would be able to save the colony. He had a freer hand in certain matters while simply Councillor, and was willing that the people should become tired of Wingfield before he stepped into his shoes.

We cannot dwell upon the miseries of that first summer in Jamestown. The sick-

ness, caused by paying no heed to the laws of health, rapidly grew worse. It looked for a time as if disease would carry off every man. They lay groaning and fever-smitten in their cabins, until no thought was given to the danger from the Indians. Had Powhatan, or any other leader, chosen to attack Jamestown with only a score of warriors, he would have had no trouble in destroying every man. Even Captain Smith, who seemed safe against every disease and weakness, took the fever, but refused to give up, and with the help of a few others he was able to drag out and bury the dead. Among those who passed away were the good Bartholomew Gosnold and Studley, the treasurer.

There remained, however, Wingfield, the corrupt and wicked President, and the one who had been defeated in the trial of Smith. The two were his bitter enemies, and they formed a plot which, if successful, would not only ruin Smith, but would probably destroy the colony itself.

CHAPTER VII

UP THE CHICKAHOMINY

When September came one-half of the Jamestown colony had passed away, and most of the survivors were tottering with weakness and disease. I have said that for weeks theses wretched beings could have hardly raised a hand to keep off the Indians had they chosen to attack them; but instead of that, Providence moved the hearts of the red men to pity, and they brought corn to the sufferers, though the supply was so scant that it could last but a short time.

Captain Newport had sailed for England several months before for food and supplies, but could not be expected back for a long time to come. He left one of the smaller boats for the use of the colonists, and Wingfield and another plotted to seize it and sail to the Mother Country. When they tried to do so, however, the others were so indignant that they not only stopped them, but turned them out of the Council, and chose John Ratcliffe as President. He was little better than Wingfield, and the settlers now compelled Smith to take charge of the colony.

The Captain quickly proved his worth.

He gave the people to understand that every well man must choose whether to work or starve. He would have no idlers, and he set the example by toiling as hard as the best of them. On his return from an expedition down the river, where he forced a surly tribe to trade corn with him, he arrived just as Wingfield and his friend, who had again seized the pinnace, were about to sail. Smith opened fire on them with a cannon, and would have sunk the craft had they not surrendered. Their action was so base that they were tried by jury. The life of Wingfield was spared, but all authority was taken from him; while his companion, as the greater offender of the two, was condemned to death and shot.

With the coming of cool weather a great improvement took place in the health of the colonists. Disease abated, and on the appearance of frost all fever disappeared. Those who had been ill rapidly regained their health. The river abounded with fish and fowl, and the yellowing corn could be made into bread. For the first time the future looked bright, even though so many had died. Other immigrants were sure to arrive ere long, and were believed even then to be on their way across the ocean.

How prone are we to forget favors done to us! No man of colonial times earned a

heavier debt of gratitude than Captain John Smith of Virginia, and yet, when things improved, those whom he had been the means of saving complained because he had not done more. He gave up the Presidency as the best means of teaching the people his value to them.

Of course, you know that Christopher Columbus died under the belief that, instead of discovering a continent, he had simply found the eastern shore of India. The belief was held by nearly everybody during more than a century that followed, that America was only a narrow strip of land, beyond which stretched the "South Sea." They thought that by sailing up any of the large streams they would reach that vast body of water. When Captain Henry Hudson passed up the noble river, named for him, in 1609, he expected to keep on till his little ship entered the South Sea. It was because of this universal belief that England, in granting land to most of her colonists, made the western boundary the Pacific Ocean, or South Sea, which I need not remind you was discovered by Balboa in 1512.

Thus it was that the colony which settled Jamestown was ordered to hunt for the South Sea. Captain Smith was reproached in Council for not carrying out this royal

command, and because of such neglect his surly associates declared that the whole enterprise was a failure. I have often wondered whether the sensible Captain had any faith in this wild dream. Be that as it may, he replied to the fault-finding by declaring he would set out at once in quest of the missing sea. I cannot help thinking that when he was stung into making this answer, he was led to do so by his disgust with affairs at home, but more by his love of adventure. He must have felt that it would be a great relief to get away from the quarrelling people, who would learn his worth during his absence, while he would gain an experience for which he longed.

If you will glance at your map once more you will notice that a large tributary empties into the James River from the north, about ten miles west of Jamestown. It is the Chickahominy, and its sources are well to the westward in the direction of the mountains which form the most romantic section of Virginia.

It was on a clear, cold day, early in December, that Smith started on his eventful voyage in a barge propelled by a crew of half a dozen sturdy men, besides two friendly Indians. As he meant to ascend the river, as far as possible, he trailed a smaller boat behind the barge—the same that he used

when he went ashore to learn the meaning of the signal fire on the southern bank of the James. This craft promised to be useful when he had gone as far as the barge could go, while it could also be turned to account by himself in hunting for game that would be scared away by sight of the larger boat, whose advance could not be as well hidden as the smaller one.

The barge, as it was called, was provided with a sail, which must prove of great help for a part of the time at least, while the small half-cabin at the stern gave sleeping room for the "shift" when off duty. There were plenty of blankets, though the size of the craft allowed no use of a fire as a means of warmth. There were three row-locks on each side, to be called into play when the wind was not favorable, besides the numerous times when they would have to use the poles with which to push the boat through the water. A scant supply of "pone," or corn bread, and vension was brought, but the main reliance of the party was upon the fish that were to be taken from the stream, and the fowl and game that could be shot along shore or in the woods.

When the barge left Jamestown not a flake of snow was to be seen anywhere, though winter had begun, and the climate in that section is sometimes severe. A strong

breeze was blowing from the eastward, and the craft moved easily forward without calling the oars into use. Most of the course of the Chickahominy is through a swampy section, choked by fallen trees, where navigation is difficult. Captain Smith had sailed for a few miles above its mouth some weeks before, but the region was unknown to him. Because of this fact it was the more pleasing, for, as you know, the prospect of stirring adventure was one which he was never able to resist. During his stay in Virginia he explored so many waters in the neighborhood of Chesapeake Bay, that the distance covered was equal to the breadth of the Atlantic between Liverpool and New York.

It was yet early in the day when the barge turned to the right and entered the broad mouth of the large branch of the James. The sun, shining in a clear sky, moderated the cold, so that with their blankets about their forms the men were comfortable. The two Indians used only the deerskin jackets of covering for the upper part of their bodies. Thus clothed, they would have felt no discomfort had the temperature been at zero. Each had his bow and arrows, the white men being provided with the snaphaunce muskets or old-fashioned flintlocks.

Captain Smith seated himself at the stern, just back of the little cabin, his hand resting on the end of the tiller, which was held between his elbow and side. In this position it was the easiest thing in the world to direct the course of the boat. The others placed themselves as fancy prompted, all ready for any work when called upon.

Seated thus, the explorer was in a good position to study the country as they moved between the banks. The woods had a sameness, though they could never lose their interest to the crew, who knew they were the first of their race to gaze upon the forests, with the matted vines, the trees bending far over the surface, while rotting log, interlocked limbs, and fragments of trunks were mixed in such confusion that the boat had not gone far when the Captain had to change his direct course to a winding one so as to have a clear passage. Looking over the gunwale he saw that in most places the water was clear, though the color of the soil at the bottom gave it a dark appearance. Sometimes this depth was eight or ten feet, and then it became so slight that he was not surprised to feel the process slacken, and then cease so gently that few noticed it. The boat had grounded upon a marshy spot, and the wind could carry it no further.

Captain Smith spoke to his men, and

four of them seized each a pole and rose to their feet. When the ends were thrust against the oozy bottom they sank deep into the mud. Instead of trying to push the craft ahead, they shoved so as to drive it back into deeper water. This was not difficult, the chief work being that of withdrawing the ends of the poles from the soft earth, so as not to bring the hull back to its former place. When the depth had increased the boat was steered to one side of the shoal, and the sail not having been lowered, it moved on again, though at so moderate a speed that some minutes passed before even Captain Smith was certain they were really advancing.

All this time the occupants of the barge were on the watch for Indians. Our friends were entering the hunting-grounds of the red men whose tribal name was that which was given to the river, and it was not to be expected that they would long remain ignorant of the coming of the visitors. Nothing would have been easier than for some of these warriors, lurking in the wooded depths along shore, to launch a shower of arrows that would be likely to do harm, even though Smith and those of his race were protected by rude coats of mail. But while this might have guarded their limbs and bodies, their faces were left without any shield whatever.

When the sun was overhead the two men seated nearest the cabin brought out the black, coarse bread and cold vension. With the aid of knives these were cut into rough pieces and divided among all. Butter, pepper, and salt were not thought of, and those who wished to wash down their food did so by dipping up water from the river in the palm of the hand, or, in the case of the Captain, by lifting it in a small tin cup.

About the middle of the afternoon the breeze fell, and the flapping sail told the navigators that they must use the oars. Four were slipped into place, and two pairs of sturdy arms bent to the task, the others awaiting their turn. The Indians who sat near the bow, silent and watchful, were not expected to take part in the labor, for it was of a nature with which they were not familiar. The Captain had told them to use their woodcraft to detect any danger, and the two were scanning the shores as they opened out before them, on the alert for the first warning sign.

Suddenly one of the red men uttered a hissing sound. Faint as it was all heard it. The rowers instantly stopped, and Captain Smith looked inquiringly at the Indians. The one who had emitted the signal pointed in advance and to the right bank. The river at this place was more than two hundred

yards broad, the trees growing close to the shore and many in the water itself. Several white oaks curved out almost horizontally over the surface before turning upward and becoming upright. Many interlocking vines showed, but it was the season of the year when the foliage was absent, and only here and there was an evergreen seen.

Not a white man could discover the cause of the warning. So far as they were able to see, they were the only living creatures in the neighborhood. As yet they had not caught sight of a deer, bear, or even a fowl, and more than one began to believe that a disappointment awaited them over the supply of game. That the dusky guard had detected something, however, was certain. In answer to Smith's inquiry he said, speaking in his own tongue, that an Indian was near them on shore. There might be more, but certainly there was one. After a minute's pause the Captain ordered the men at the oars to renew work. As they did so he steered the boat a little to the left, but, like everyone else, kept his attention upon the spot where it looked as if danger was lurking.

The guard was right, for, when nearly opposite the place, all who were on watch saw not one warrior, but two partly hidden, by the trees and undergrowth. Their posi-

tion was slightly crouching, and their attention was fixed upon the white men. They had the bows and arrows of their people, and one of them seemed to be fixing a missile to the string of his weapon.

While all were watching the Indian, not really certain as to his intention, he suddenly aimed, and let his arrow fly. It flashed in the sunlight, but was so poorly directed that it passed ten feet over the heads of the crew, and dropped into the water beyond.

Hardly had it done so, when Captin Smith reached down and caught up his musket lying at his feet. He aimed at the daring warrior, and, pausing only a moment, pulled the trigger. He was a better marksman than the other, who was struck by the bullet, which, if it did not inflict serious hurt, caused a twinge which threw the fellow into a panic. With a yell he whirled on his feet and dashed into the wood, his equally frightened companion crashing through the undergrowth at his heels. The crew broke into laughter, and two or three would have fired at the fleeing couple had the Captain permitted it.

Smith had done a prudent thing, for, had he made no reply to the attack, his foes would have thought it due to fear, and would have pressed the white men. Nothing further of that nature was to be feared from

the two, nor from any of their friends whom they could tell of the occurrence.

The men at the oars now gave place to others, and the ascent of the Chickahominy continued until night began closing in. By that time they had reached the edge of the famous White Oak Swamp, where some of the severest battles were fought during the great Civil War of 1861-5. They found it composed of lagoons, morasses and stretches of wide-spreading ponds or lakes choked with trees, and abounding with shallow places, where the expanses of sluggish water were so broad and winding that it was hard to keep to the channel. The barge was anchored in the middle of one of these small lakes, the Captain deeming it unsafe to camp on shore, though nothing further had been seen of Indians. After partaking of a frugal meal the men lay down for the night, two of their number mounting guard. The Captain longed for a smoke, but there was danger of the light drawing the attention of their enemies, and again he set a good example to his friends.

After night had fully come, the anchor was gently lifted, and with the aid of the long poles, the position of the craft was shifted a number of rods down stream. This was meant to make it hard for any warriors prowling in the vicinity to find the boat.

They would naturally seek it where it was last seen in the gathering gloom, and failing to discover it, would have to look elsewhere.

CHAPTER VIII

PARTING COMPANY

It happened that the two men who were first to mount guard were our old acquaintances, Smith and Bertram, who had gone ashore with Captain Smith some months before, when the first named tried to abduct Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, and might have succeeded but for the interference of the Captain.

Bertram's position was at the bow, while Smith was at the stern, near the small cabin. When the Captain gave them this duty he warned both to be on the alert during every minute of the time. The Indians were so cunning that if they knew of the presence of the barge in the river they would try some trick upon the whites, and the deception might take any one of a score of forms. The important order to the sentinels was that, whenever they saw anything suspicious, they were to fire upon it, for, in doing so, they could not fail to teach their enemies an important lesson.

"And," significantly added the leader, "gunpowder is valuable. *Don't waste it.*"

Bertram sat with his blanket wrapped

about his shoulders and his musket resting beside him, where it could be caught up at a moment's warning. His companion did the same at the stern. The night was cold, and since they were prevented from warming their blood by moving about, they felt the chill despite the protection. When it seemed to them that midnight had come, they were to call two of their friends and change places with them.

Soon after the couple had gone on gurd, a gentle wind arose. It sighed dismally among the leafless branches on shore, and caused a faint rippling against the hull, which added to the loneliness of the place. No sound of wild animal or signal of men was heard amid the chilling solitude around them. The lowering of the temperature was so recent that the boat had met no ice on its way, though a few needlelike points began putting out from the swampy shore, and more of it was likely to form within the next few days.

Bertram had held his place for nearly two hours without hearing or seeing anything to cause misgiving. Deep, impenetrable darkness shut in the boat. In no direction could the watchers catch the faintest outline of the shore. The sky was partly cloudy, and the new moon was hidden, though a few stars twinkled over-

head without adding any light to the impressive scene.

There was no danger of either of the men falling asleep while at his post. They might have done so had they tried to watch until daybreak. As it was, they continued as vigilant as if pacing to and fro in front of a camp fire.

At the end of the time named Bertram heard a sound that he knew meant danger. It was so faint that he was neither sure of its nature nor of the point whence it came. He shoved down the top of the blanket from his ears and listened. Fancying that the noise had been on his right, he leaned forward in the effort to penetrate the gloom, and closed one hand about the barrel of his musket.

Five or ten minutes of silence followed, when he heard the noise again—still faint, but distinct enough to show its nature as well as its direction. It was made by the dip of a paddle, and his first impression of the point whence the sound came was right. Beyond a doubt, a party of Indians in a canoe were hunting for the barge.

Bertram did not signal to his companion, for he might be held by some discovery of his own. He leaned farther over the gunwhale and peered into the darkness. He lifted his gun so that it lay across his knee, and smothering the click made by the lock, drew back

the clumsy hammer, with the bit of yellow flint clutched in its maw.

Thus gazing, he made out a shadowy something, which looked like a section of the gloom, resting on the water. It was moving very slowly, neither approaching the barge nor receding from it, but seemingly making a circuit of the craft. It was a canoe, but instead of completing the circuit on which it had started, it paused when just in front of the bow.

The sentinel thought that it would not stay motionless long, but would pass on, probably coming nearer the larger boat; but minute after minute passed without any change of its position. Several times when Bertram was intently looking he was sure there was nothing in sight; but, upon shifting his gaze for a moment and bringing it back again, his doubt vanished. The canoe was there, though he could not tell how many persons it contained.

Perplexed and uncertain of what he ought to do he emitted a cautious call to his companion, who stealthily made his way to his side.

"Have you seen anything amiss?" asked Bertram.

"Naught whatever. How is it with you?"

"A few yards in front of us a canoe has halted, but it is so dimly seen that I am in

doubt whether to fire or not. What do you make of it?"

With one hand on the shoulder of his friend, Smith leaned as far over as he could, and gazed into the gloom.

"It is there," he whispered; "and, if I am not mistaken, it is full of warriors."

"Then I will do as the Captain commanded."

"And I will await the result before I fire."

The hammer of Berteam's gun being already raised, he softly brought the stock to his shoulder, first dropping the blanket so as to leave his arm free. He sighted carefully, but was checked by the same difficulty as before; as he fixed his vision on the target it seemed to melt in the darkness, and he could not make sure of his aim.

"I cannot see it," he muttered in vexation. "Do *you* fire."

"It is idle; it has gone."

This was true. During the brief moments taken to aim, the canoe had glided off in the gloom, and the keenest scrutiny on the part of both could not locate it. Smith picked his way to the stern, and the two kept watch until well beyond midnight. Then they roused two of their friends, and told them what they had seen, and urged them to unusual vigilance. But, though they obeyed, they discovered nothing to

cause alarm, nor were the canoe and its occupants seen or heard of again. It was fair to believe that the warriors, after studying the large boat as best they could in the gloom, agreed that it was too dangerous for them to attack, and went away.

The two succeeding days were marked by toil and discouragment. Only for a brief time did the sail give any help, and there were hours when the oars were useless because of the many obstructions. Three times the crew had to saw their way through the logs and branches, and more than once, after poling hard for a long while, they could not see that they had made any progress. Fortunately the Indians did not disturb them. It was on the second day that a solitary warrior was noticed. He was leaping from log to log on his way across one of the many streams, knowing nothing, as it seemed, of the presence of the strange visitors. Not once did he turn his head, but whisked out of sight the moment his moccasin rested on dry land, as if he had business that would not admit of delay.

Finally, it was seen that the large boat was of no further aid in going up the Chickahominy. Use must be made of the small one trailing at the rear, which had served when they had to chop and saw their way through the obstructions. Smith would have

been warranted in turning back and giving his energies to the exploration of other branches of the James, but such was not his nature. He said he would take the two Indians and a couple of his own men with him, and go up the stream as far he could.

The day was so near at its close that he decided not to start until the next morning. The chief thing to be feared was the red men, who were known to roam and hunt through the region. The fact that, after the exchange of shots several days before, they had seen only the single warrior, was good evidence that nothing of the kind threatened; but Captain Smith was not quite satisfied. He sent his friendly red men ashore with orders to scout the woods in every direction for signs of their countrymen, while he urged upon the guards to use sleepless vigilance throughout the night.

The disturbing feature must be borne in mind. Near the spot where the Captain had decided to part company with his companions they had seen an Indian leaping across the logs. What more likely than that he had friends in the neighborhood, whom he had joined shortly after observing the barge, and had told them of his discovery?

What would be done by these warriors? Would they give no attention to the white men, or would they join in a plan for their

destruction? These were the questions which Smith could not answer, and which explained why he sent the friendly Indians to land with orders to scour the woods on every hand.

The result quieted the fears of the Captain. His scouts did not come back till late at night when they reported that they had not seen any of their own people, nor a sign of their presence in the vicinity. Furthermore, his men who kept watch on the boat did not discover anything to cause misgiving. This seemed to mean that no danger threatened, and yet it might mean one or two other things that were by no means so pleasant to think upon. The enemies, observing the hunt made for them, would have had little trouble in keeping out of sight. A still darker theory was that the scouts knew that a large number of warriors was in the woods, and possibly reached an understanding with them. Whether this was true or not can never be known, but the fact remains that there was at that very time a large party of red men near by, and the conduct of one of the friendlies some time after makes the theory named reasonable.

The barge was rowed to the middle of a broad expanse of water, where the woods were quite far off in every direction, and the anchor was dropped into the soft bottom. Smith meant to take the two Indians and

the same number of his own men with him. His namesake and Bertram asked the privilege of being his companions, but he declined. He had not felt very friendly towards them since the affair with Pocahontas, and in the event of trouble with any of Powhatan's tribes, the presence of the two as his comrades might prove dangerous to himself.

Before leaving he addressed the four who remained in charge of the barge.

"No matter what happens after I am gone, not one of you must go ashore. You cannot do so without working the boat to land, and that is, perhaps, what the red men are waiting for you to do. Stay here till I come back."

"But suppose Captain," said Bertram, with a grin, "you do *not* come back?"

"Wait for three days, if you see nothing of me then, turn the prow down stream, and make all haste for Jamestown."

"And what shall we say when we get there?"

"Say what you please," replied the Captain impatiently. "I don't doubt you will sprinkle plenty of falsehood in your words."

It was so much easier to go up the Chickahominy in the smaller boat, that Smith thought it likely he would continue the ascent of the river for several days. He meant to press on as far as he could go in the craft.

Whether he should venture beyond that on foot must depend upon circumstances.

Thus five men entered the small boat, which, you remember, was provided with two pairs of oars, but had no sail. The white men did the rowing, while the Indians stoically looked on, willing, if asked, to take one of the blades in hand, and ply it as they were accustomed to use their own paddles.

At the moment of starting a slight flurry of snow carried the flakes against their faces, but it ceased in a few minutes, and the weather became more moderate than at any time since leaving Jamestown. This was pleasant, for no ice of account showed in the stream in which they must remain for some time to come.

Captain Smith had not been gone half an hour when those left behind in the barge boat gave voice to their discontent over the command he had laid upon them.

"It is unbearable to stay here for two or three days," said his namesake, who was seated at the bow, looking with a glum expression at his companions. "How shall we spend the weary hours?"

"We might fish," said Bertram with a grin.

"That would answer for a little while, but the fish do not bite readily in this wintry weather, and we shall grow tired."

"The scouts who spent so much time ashore

told us that no Indians were near; *that* ought to satisfy us. Let us go ashore, where we can stretch our limbs and perhaps find game."

The proposal was in direct disregard of the order of their leader, but it was agreeable to each of the four men. They can hardly be blamed for feeling as they did over the prospect of remaining in virtual imprisonment so long, but their act, none the less, was wrong. Bertram and Smith rose to their feet and began plying their poles. The water was five or six feet in depth, and under their efforts the craft began sidling toward land. While the couple were toiling the others scanned the wooded bank which they were nearing. They must have felt a misgiving, for each laid his musket across his knees, and one of them wrinkled his brows and shook his head, but said nothing, and the poles were used with a vigor that steadily lessened the fifty yards or more it was necessary to pass to reach land.

The point at which the boat was directed was an open space, several square yards in extent, and favorable for stepping ashore from the craft. Beyond and on the two sides stretched the wood, with its rank undergrowth and matted vines. If there was any current it was too sluggish to be noted.

The side of the boat was so near the bank

that it was a slight leap for any one. Smith was standing with his pole motionless, and on the point of making the jump, when one of his friends, who had also risen, gun in hand, called out in an excited undertone:

"Back—quick! The woods are full of Indians!"

CHAPTER IX

HARD PRESSED

It was fortunate, that when the Indians warriors swarmed out of the woods to attack the boat so near shore, the four white men on board did not lose their presence of mind This was partly due to the feeling which had come, more or less, to every one, that they were doing a dangerous thing in thus disobeying the order of Captain John Smith. Thus they were partly prepared for that which broke upon them with so much suddenness.

Smith and Bertram used the poles to the utmost, despite the arrows whizzing about them. They pushed so hard that the boat quickly yielded, and the space between it and the land widened with every moment. Their companions aimed their muskets at the crowding forms, and fired with such skill that each brought down a warrior.

The effect of this check upon the others was insantly noticed. It scared them into darting back among the trees, but instead of keeping up their flight they whisked behind the trunks, from which they continued to launch their arrows at the men in the boat.

Now, if the Indians, who certainly numbered a hundred, had done any one of several things, it would have proved a bad day for our friends. It is strange that the red men did not wait a few minutes longer until the four stepped ashore. Then, from behind the trees, they could have brought them down without danger to themselves. Or, if when they made their rush they had kept on, they might have leaped aboard the barge and crushed the defenders. Perhaps they did not know that after the white men had fired their terrible weapons it took some time to reload them. Be that as it may, they fell back, and the chance that the invaders needed was given them.

No one could have shown more bravery than Bertram and Smith. They plied the poles, paying no regard to the missiles flying around them; while their companions, first firing the guns of the couple, reloaded and discharged their own as fast as the chance offered. When the craft reached the middle of the broad space little was to be feared from the Indians, for the distance was too great for them to gain good aim.

It was at this moment that a strange thing took place. The clothes of every one of the defenders had been pierced by arrows —some in several places, and two had been wounded, though not severely. No one

could have been more exposed than Bertram, standing out as he did in full view while helping to pole the boat. He was glazed more than once by the missiles, but was the only one of the four who was not so much as scratched. Smith had been hit, but was smiling over his good fortune, when he pitched forward on his face, pierced to the heart by an arrow that was among the last fired at the boat.

The body was tenderly laid at the stern, and then, while two were alert with their weapons, the third used the oars. There was no thought now of staying where they were until Captain Smith came back. They did not believe he ever would come back. So they kept on down stream as best they could. Fortunately for them the large body of Indians did not follow along the banks; and with the help of the current, after passing the obstructions below, they made good progress. In due course they glided out of the mouth of the Chickahominy into the James, and, reaching Jamestown, told their story. Among the settlers there was not one who expected ever to see Captain John Smith or his companions again.

Meanwhile the Captain was having stirring times. You remember that he set out to go still farther up the stream in the little boat, which was just bouyant enough to

carry him, the two white men, and the friendly Indians. Its light draught made the work so easy that they kept on for a dozen miles before meeting their first check. The party heard the faint reports of the guns of their friends left behind in the barge. Smith thought it more than likely they were in trouble, but he had no idea of going to their help, since no one but themselves was to blame.

About noon he reached a point where he saw the little boat had become useless. He suspected the truth: he had strayed from the river itself, and was following one of its branches. He did not care for that; but telling the oarsman to turn to the left bank, all stepped out, and the boat was drawn up nearly clear of the water.

"You are weary from rowing," he said to the two who had taken turns at the hard work; "and you may wait here while I go a little farther in quest of game."

"Can't we help you?" asked one, who added that they were not tired. Both would have been glad to take part in the hunt.

I have said that Captain Smith was fond of hunting alone, and he told his firends to stay where they were. He meant to be with them before dark, when they could broil the game which he was sure of bagging, and

they would spend the night in comfort by the camp fire in the depth of the forest.

Despite what the men said they were quite worn out from rowing the boat for several miles. So, with the help of a flint and steel, they kindled a big fire, wrapped their blankets around them, and lay down with their feet toward the blaze. By and by they sank into deep, restful sleep, for the air was nipping and cold, and they were well guarded against the chill.

It grieves me to say that neither of them ever awoke. At the end of an hour, while they lay dreaming, the same party of Indians that had attacked the larger boat came upon them, and quickly ended their lives.

Now, I need not remind you that in England, like all other countries governed by a monarch, the eldest son comes to the throne on the death of the ruler. Should King Edward die—and we all hope he will not be called away for a long time to come—the Prince of Wales, who is his eldest son living, would become the sovereign, and in the event of *his* death, his eldest son would inherit the crown. Such is the rule of descent in Great Britain.

It was not thus with Powhatan, the Emperor of many tribes of red men. The next heir to his throne, if we may call it such, was his eldest brother. If he had had

no brothers, the descent would have passed to the sons of Powhtan's sisters. But Powhatan had several brothers, and one was Opecancanough. If he outlived Powhatan and the eldest brother he would become Emperor. I may say that this chief did become ruler, and lived to be nearly a hundred years old.

Opecancanough never liked the English, and he urged Powhatan and his fellow warriors to destroy them before their numbers became too great to be overcome. He was active and had much to do with the enmity the older brother often showed to the settlers. He was the leader of the band which attacked the large boat, when one of the white men was killed and the others had a narrow escape.

Opecancanough was pursuing Captain John Smith. He knew he was the leading man at Jamestown, and that it was more important to slay him than to put twenty other Englishmen out of the way. When he learned of the voyage up the Chickahominy he gathered more than a hundred of his warriors, and secretly followed the boat for many miles, watching for a chance to destroy the crew, but especially to slay Captain Smith. It proves how cunning he was that he did this for many miles without any of the white men learning the fact. The

two who exchanged shots with the crew did not belong to his party, though they afterwards joined it.

A strange fact which it is hard to understand, was, that when Captain John Smith and his companions started up the branch of the Chickahominy they were not seen by either the chief or any of his band. The Indians were on the other side of the broad expanse of the water, and were not looking for anything of that nature; but it is singular, indeed, that some of them did not observe the departure of the small craft with its five occupants.

When the barge began working toward shore, Opecancanough believed Smith and his friends were on board. His eagerness to slay them led to a haste in the attack, which was the means of saving all except one man. During the fight the chief discovered that five of the crew, including the Captain, were absent. He must have noticed also, that, the small row boat which had been towed at the stern was gone. These facts told him the truth: Captain Smith had started up stream with four companions, who were already quite distant.

If the chief had made a bad slip in the first case, he now met with a piece of good fortune, due to the fine woodcraft of himself and his warriors. A study of the differ-

ent outlets of the expanse of water showed where a slight disturbance was caused by the passage of the small boat. These signs became clearer as they pressed along the shore, and left no doubt that they were on the right course. Thus it came about that they arrived at the camp where the two white men lay asleep with no dream of danger. After the fatal halt it remained for the Indians to push on after Captain Smith, who had started to shoot some fowl or game for the supper of himself and friends.

From this point it was necessary to trail the Captain. It was not hard to do so, since he could not go through the forest without leaving the prints of his shoes, which were as easy to follow as if he had been walking over a dusty road. You must remember, too, that he had two companions in the persons of the friendly Indians. I have said that there is no knowing whether they were true to the leader or not. I cannot help doubting the loyality of one of them, and think you will soon agree with me.

Captain Smith had no thought of danger. The fact that he had come thus far in the wilderness without harm led him to think that what had seemed to threaten him once or twice on the way had passed, and he need feel no alarm. Only one incident, after he had gone a little way, caused misgiving. He

kept the lead, the Indians following him in single file, as is their custom. With his musket resting on one shoulder, the sturdy fellow tramped forward, sometimes turning to the right or left to avoid a dense growth of underbrush, or pool, or marsh. He was peering among the branches of the trees and along the ground in front and on either hand in quest of game, and grew impatient because he did not discover any. With a half-angry word upon his lips he suddenly saw a movement among the trees a little to the left, which he knew was caused by some animal. Uttering a guarded "*Sh!*" to his companions, he stopped short and looked keenly at the point where he had seen the slight flutter.

The next moment he caught the outlines of a noble buck stalking among the trees, with his side turned towards the hunter, whom, of course, he did not see, though he was sure to detect him in a twinkling. Afraid that one of the Indians might not understand the delicate situation, Captain Smith turned his head to whisper a warning.

As he did so he saw only one of his men. He who had been walking at the rear was gone. The discovery caused such a thrill of distrust that Captain Smith forgot the buck moving a little way from him, and asked:

"Where is Pete?"

He used the name he had given the fellow in place of his difficult native title. Jim, as the second was called, flashed his head about, and seemed as much astonished as the white man. He answered in his own tongue:

"He was walking behind me; I do not know what has become of him."

Both glanced among the trees to the right and left and the rear, without seeing anything of the missing one. A crashing noise made them turn to the front. It was caused by the buck, which having observed the hunter, was off like the wind. No danger of his serving for a meal that evening.

The Captain turned round again. Jim was standing with his back to him, his long bow in his left hand, while his profile showed over the right and then over the left shoulder as he searched for his late comrade. It looked as if he was as much puzzled as the white man. If so, we must believe he was loyal to the Captain, though we cannot think the same of the other.

Smith was angry. Before he could express his feelings he saw directly beyond Jim a disturbance among the trees, so similar to what he had noticed a short time before, that he thought it came from a similar cause,

and that the game he was seeking was within his reach.

But he was mistaken. While he was looking an Indian appeared, coming cautiously toward him. Then another showed on the right of the red man, a third on his left, and beyond, around and among these the stained faces and dangling hair of others were quickly revealed, with still more coming into view. A band was approaching the startled Captain, who knew he was caught in a bad plight. The party which had slain three of his friends and had been pursuing him over so long a distance had caught with him at last.

The leaders of the Indians were almost as quick to discover their man as he had been to see them. A score of signals passed from one to the other, and the band pressed towards the Captain, who held his ground. Smith said there were three hundred of them, but it must have been less, though they were numerous enough to show that little or no hope remained to him.

That there should be no doubt as to their intentions, fully a score sent their arrows hurtling among the trees and branches at the white man. Some went wild and clipped off the twigs near him, but two of them nipped his clothing. He fixed his eye on the foremost Indian, who had come near piercing him with his missile, and noting

that he was in the act of fitting a second one to his string, he took careful aim at the warrior and shot him dead.

During these stirring moments Jim stood as if so overcome that he was unable to move or speak. Although he held a fine bow in one hand and his quiver was full of arrows, he made no attempt to use them. It was too much to expect him to assail his own race, when there was no chance of helping the white man by doing so. Captain Smith did not ask him thus to seal his own fate, but his own quick wit saw a way in which he might be made to aid him.

Two strides brought the Captain so near that he could have touched the back of his dusky friend, who still seemed dazed.

"Stand where you are! Don't move!" commanded Smith, in his most impressive voice. "They won't shoot through you to reach me!"

The Captain was a larger man than his shield, and he took a crouching pose, peeping over each shoulder in turn and around the sides of Jim at his enemies, who were baffled for the moment. While doing so Smith carefully reloaded his musket. It was hard to pound the powder in place with the ramrod, shove the bullet after it, and then pour the grains into the pan, for, while thus occupied, he had to "keep one eye" on his foes.

CHAPTER X

A PRISONER

Despite the trying situation of Captain Smith, he managed to reload his gun, and at the same time to keep his body quite well shielded by that of his dusky friend. Several causes made it possible to do this. Jim showed a real desire to help his master, for, when it would have been easy to break from him and join his countrymen, he allowed himself to be handled at will by the white man. The warriors showed by their actions that they did not wish to hurt Jim. More than once, when one of them had drawn his bow-string and pointed the arrow, he held it back, seeing that if he should discharge it he was likely to hurt the man who stood in front of the crouching Englishman. More than all, however, was the dread which the band, large as it was, felt of the fearful weapon that had stretched one of their number lifeless on the ground. Most of them tried to keep the trunks of the trees between them and him, even when aiming their primitive weapons. Smith had only to turn the muzzle of his musket towards the most daring of his

enemies to make them dodge back to their protection and cringe in fear.

The Captain saw that the right course was not to fire until he had to do so to save himself. So long as his assailants knew that their leader was sure to fall they would hold back. How long this would last remained to be seen.

Now, it is hard to think of a situation more hopeless than that of Captain Smith at this time. When attacked, his back was toward the camp where he had left his two companions some time before. He hoped to be able to retreat until he joined them, when the three with their firearms might be able to hold off their foes. But it was quite a way to the camp, and he could not believe he would be permitted to reach it. His foes were so numerous that by spreading out they would be able soon to surround him. He could not protect himself from all sides by the body of Jim. It would seem that the best and only thing for him to do was to surrender before he had increased the enmity of the Indians by slaying more of them.

Standing close behind Jim, he gave his orders in a low voice. After he had reloaded his gun he grasped his friend's girdle at the lower part of his back, and jerked upon it when ready to retreat a few steps.

"Step slowly," he said, "keep with me. Not too slow!"

In this way the withdrawal was kept up till they had gone several rods. Smith glanced to the rght and left, and saw that his enemies were spreading apart, so as to surround him. He must prevent this, or it would soon be all over with him. In truth, the position of the Indians would be better for themselves when they had formed a semicircle than after the circle was completed; for an arrow discharged from directly behind Smith would be liable to hit Jim, in the line of its flight, while the danger of doing this was less if fired from either the right or left.

You do not need to be told that Captain John Smith was one of the bravest of men, and he would fight as long as the slightest hope was left to him. When he had doubled the distance named he began to think that he might reach the camp of his companions and beat off his assailants, who felt such a dread of his gun. But while doing so, with Jim still serving the part of shield, he saw that the danger he had in mind at first had come upon him. One warrior, more than six feet in height, with his face stained with puccoon, and his crown stuck full of dyed eagle feathers, had worked so far to the right of the white man that the latter could not screen himself behind his friend without inviting a shot from most of the others. Smith was able to keep

his chief foe in his field of vision while watching the actions of the main party.

This warrior must have had a clear plan in mind, for, darting from one tree to another and holding his arrow, he gained the advantage he was seeking. In order to make his aim certain he stepped from behind the trunk which had sheltered him, and carefully sighted at the slowly retreating Englishman. Before he could draw the shaft to a head he uttered a loud cry, leaped high in air, and pitched forward with his long bow bent under him. Smith had fired again, and not a second too soon.

The shot was so unexpected that the warriors were checked for a minute. Smith expected it, and, standing behind Jim, hastily reloaded his musket. No harder situation can be thought of, for it was certain that his foes would soon rally, and press him closer than before. With a coolness that was amazing, he poured the powder into the pan of his gun from his horn, grasped the weapon firmly, and took a couple of steps to the rear.

"Come on, Jim," he said, having loosed his hold. "Keep moving till I tell you to stop."

It was at this juncture that Smith made a startling discovery. One of the Indians—he who stood nearest the one that had just fallen—had an English musket in his hands!

Less than ten paces from him a second warrior held a similar weapon.

Smith knew what it meant; his two friends whom he had left in camp had been slain. He had no one now to fall back upon.

Even the brave Englishman did not then yield. He would have continued retreating and fighting until brought to the ground. Nor did he give up when one of the arrows, better aimed than the others, pierced his thigh, and made a slight wound. He noticed that his comrade who had served him so well thus far had also been hit. His countrymen were growing impatient because he kept them back so long, and were beginning to launch their shafts with less care for his safety. His life would not be spared unless he stepped aside.

With a chivalry for which Captain Smith deserved the highest credit, he pushed his friend so strongly to one side that he had to take several paces to keep from falling.

"Thank you, Jim; you can serve me no longer."

The Captain retreated faster, with his eyes on his enemies, meaning to hold his fire as long as he could, but ready to use the musket the instant it was needed. Afraid that he would soon be surrounded, he paid no heed to Jim, who paused a little way from him, and stared around as if bewildered. The Englishman could not look where he placed his feet.

The right foot went down on the ground, but instead of finding the firm support it had had all along, the leg sank to the knee in the soft mud. Smith made a desperate effort to wrench it free, when the left foot went down as far as the other. He struggled with might and main, but sank farther, until both legs were imbedded in the ooze almost to his thighs.

This brought the end. It seemed to him that the clinging mud was colder than ice itself. He must perish, even if the Indians left him alone, and they were sure not to do that. He flung his musket from him, and threw up his hands.

"I yield! I surrender!" he called in the tongue of the red men.

Even then, when his helpless situation was plain to all, most of the warriors were afraid to draw nearer to him. All knew him as the most important member of the colony, and what they had seen him do filled them with dread of the great magician. Fortunately, there were a few with more sense. They went to where Smith was still floundering and grasping his outstretched hands, drew him out upon hard ground.

The Captain had learned from his experience among these people. He knew their weak side. In a voice of authority, he asked as he looked around in the stained faces, for their chief. At the same time he took hold

of a small compass in an ivory case, which he carried at his side. Deftly untying the string, he held the little instrument in his hand, so that all could see the tiny needle flickering back and forth under the glass covering. They crowded around like so many children, gaping in wonder, and not knowing whether to retreat or hold their ground.

Finally, one braver than the others, timidly reached his forefinger and tried to place it on the dancing needle. But lo! something stopped the finger point before it touched the restless bit of metal. With a gasp of affright the warrior recoiled, ignorant of what it meant.

That which had checked his action was the thin covering of glass. Not one of the Indians had ever beheld the metal, and the bit before the curious one was so transparent that he did not see even that. Those of his people who had visited Jamestown observed the windows protected with oiled paper. Glass was before them for the first time.

Only one of the Indians was brave enough thus to try to touch the magnetic needle, and despite the shock he received, he tried it again, only to be repulsed as before. He bent his head farther over the compass, as if he suspected the hard substance which stopped him.

His head almost touched the chin of Captain Smith. The latter looked more closely

at him. He saw that, while he was dressed much the same as the others, he had more stained eagle plumes in his dangling black hair, and he wore a broader and finer sash around his waist. Gazing downward, Smith noted also that his leggings had numerous ornamental fringes, and there were more beads on his moccasin—all these being in the line of the Englishman's vision.

Noting these, it flashed upon Smith that this warrior was the chieftain for whom he had asked a few minutes before. At the same moment he recognized him. He was Opecancanough, brother of Powhatan, next to him in importance, heir to the throne, and a leader who was destined to act an important part in the early history of Virginia.

When the sachem straightened up, after he had learned why he could not touch the needle, Smith offered the compass to him. He smiled and shook his head. His courage was not yet sufficient to take the marvellous thing in his palm. He looked into the face of the Captain, as did all the others, who crowded round, as if inviting him to tell them something about the instrument.

In describing this odd incident Captain Smith relates something which, with all our fondness for the good fellow, we cannot quite believe. He says that by means of the compass he demonstrated the roundness of the

earth, the skies, the sphere of the sun, moon, and stars; "and how the sunne did chase the night round the world continually; the greatnese of the land and sea; the diversitie of nations; varietie of complexions, and how we were to them, antipodes, and many other such matters."

Perhaps the lecture was given as described, but little or nothing of it was understood by his hearers. In the first place, his knowledge of their tongue was slight, and the facts themselves were profound. But by this time Smith was in a bad condition. He was smeared with icy mud to his waist, and so chilled that his teeth chatterd. His captors showed unexpected kindness. They rubbed the stuff from his clothes, and led him back to the camp where his dead friends lay. The fire was burning strongly, and he was soon able to warm himself.

But Smith had killed two of the warriors, and when the others had had time to recover from the spell of his seeming magic they talked together. After all, he was a man the same as themselves, though the color of his skin was different, and he did not dress like them. They were so numerous that he gave up all thought of resistance, since his weapons were in their hands, and they enclosed him on all sides. Two of them came forward, each taking him by an arm, and led him to a tree,

to which he was bound with deer thongs. Then the company formed a circle, and each Indian slowly drew an arrow to its head, with the point levelled at him. Smith closed his eyes, and uttered a prayer to heaven.

Opecancanough was not among those who thus made ready to bury the missiles in his body. He stood a little apart from the others, and before they could launch their deadly arrows he commanded them in a loud voice to stop. At the same moment he held up the compass, which he had at last taken from the captive. His men were prompt in obeying, an all lowered their weapons.

Hope was renewed in the breast of Smith, though he could not help fearing that his death had been merely postponed. His captors knew who he was, and, since he had slain two of their number, they would not forgive him, even though the Indians had shot three of the whites to death.

The order of march was formed with Opecancanough in the center, and the English swords and muskets carried as trophies before him. Next to him walked Smith led by two savages, each of whom held one of his arms, while on either side marched six in single file.

Thus the procession moved through the forest till it reached Orapakes, a hunting home of Powhatan, on the northern side of Chickahominy Swamp. This village contained

about two score mat houses. The women and children swarmed out of the dwellings and stared in amazement at the prisoner, the like of whom few had ever seen before. The warriors began a grand war-dance around Smith and Opechancanough, who stood in the middle. When the savages had tired themselves out they led the prisoner to a large matted wigwam, into which he passed, while twenty of the leading Indians mounted guard on the outside. Smith was unbound, and he seated himself on a bearskin near the entrance to the lodge, wondering what was to come next.

Before long a couple of warriors appeared bearing cooked venison and Indian bread, which they placed on the ground before the captive, who was so hungry that he ate his fill. After this enough was left for a dozen men. His attendants put it into baskets, and swung them from the roof over his head, but to Smith's surprise ate nothing themselves.

The wintry afternoon was drawing to a close, and the Captain was so exhausted that he stretched out on the bearskin and soon fell asleep. A fire had been kindled on the farther side of the wigwam, which so filled it with warmth that he was comfortable, though naturally his mind was greatly disturbed. Before closing his eyes he saw the shadowy forms of men, women and children, who kept coming to the entrance and peeping in. The

door consisted of the skin of a bear, which was frequently drawn aside, and then the Captain saw several pairs of bright eyes studying him. He heard their whispers, after which they withdrew, and their places were taken by others as curious as they.

About midnight Smith awoke. Someone threw more wood on the fire, and by the light that filled the apartment he saw two others bearing venison and bread, which they placed at the head of his couch. The prisoner smiled.

"I have eaten enough to last me till to-morrow," he said. "You may take this away, and wait till I am hungry again."

But they gave no heed, and, having set down the food, passed softly out into the open air.

"Why are they feeding me so well?" he asked himself. "They must know I have had my fill— and therefore do not need any more—"

A dreadful suspicion flashed over him.

"They are fattening me like a pig, so that I shall be in good condition for them to eat!"

CHAPTER XI

THE FRIEND IN NEED

Now, if a boy, while eating a fine dinner, should suddenly form the belief that the men who gave the food to him meant it to make him plumper, so that he would form a better dinner for *them*, I am sure he would not have much appetite left. Captain John Smith came to this belief not many hours after finishing a bountiful meal provided by his Indian captors, and he made up his mind not to eat another mouthful. If they meant to feast upon their prisoner, they should find him in the poorest condition possible.

It is easy for anyone to form such a resolve when he has no craving for food, but with the next morning it seemed to Smith that he was never hungrier in his life. And there were two big baskets of pone and venison. After thinking over the question he decided that he might as well eat what was set before him, and begin his fasting after that. By and by it was not hard to persuade himself that it would really make no difference as to what would be finally done with him. So he gave over all thought of punishing himself by

going hungry when there was nothing to be gained by it.

The Indians spared his life so long that Captain Smith began to hope they would let him return to Jamestown. When he was taken before a sick man he told the friends he could get his medicine at the settlement that would make the patient well, but they were too cunning to let him go after it.

The next proposal of his captors was that he should help them in destroying Jamestown. They told him nothing could save the place, for the tribes had determined not to allow a white man to remain alive. They promised to give Smith all the lands he could ask, with liberty to choose as many wives as he pleased. He assured the Indians that it was out of their power to hurt the settlement, and that those who tried to do so would suffer awful consequences. His words produced the effect he intended, and the plan was given up.

Smith next did a thing that filled the red men with astonishment. He tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and with a piece of red chalk, whittled to a point, he wrote several sentences. Holding up the slip with the writing on it, he said to the staring warriors:

"The words I speak to you have been put on this paper; they ask my friends at Jamestown to give you the articles which I name. Let some of your messengers take this to

Jamestown and show it to my people there and you will see that I have spoken with a single tongue."

Not believing what he said, two of the fleetest runners set out for the settlement. It was the depth of winter, when there was a good deal of snow on the ground, and the weather was very cold. But the messengers made the journey, and handed the paper to the persons there, who straightway gave them the trifling articles called for, to the unbounded astonishment of the runners, who could not understand how the strange thing was done.

It need hardly be said that the paper contained more on it than the writer had read to the Indians. He told his friends of the plan of the red men to destroy the place, and urged upon them to use the utmost diligence against surprise. In order to impress their dusky visitors, the settlers fired several of their cannon among the ice-laden trees. The shots made a great racket, and sent the branches and bits of ice flying in all directions. When the runners came back to their people and told what they had seen, and proved that the prisoner had really spoken by means of the paper to his friends many miles away, their amazement was beyond words.

Now followed several weeks during which Captain Smith was on exhibition. He was paraded through the country, with crowds

swarming to look at him, as we do in these times when some new and strange animal is shown in the museums. No harm was offered him, but he could never feel secure against death, and he was always looking for a chance to escape. Not once, however, did he dare make the attempt. His captors were so watchful that he knew he must fail, and they would be sure to punish him, probably by slaying him at once.

During these troublous times Smith kept looking for Pocahontas or her brother Nantataquas. They must have known of the kindness he had shown the girl, and it would seem that gratitude would lead them to do all they could for him. But he saw nothing of either. His excursions were through the lands that were directly ruled by Opencancanough. The old Indian capital was on York River, about twenty-five miles below the present village of West Point. The spot was known as the "Chief Place of Council," the Indian name being Werowocomoco.

Finally, as if Opecancanough could not decide for himself what should be done with the captive, who had been exhibited through the country, he was taken to Werowocomoco, before the mighty Powhatan himself. There the great question was to be settled by the most powerful Emperor of all the Indians.

The scene was striking. The tall, glum-

haughty Powhatan sat on a framework or couch, suggestive of a throne, covered with mats, and in front of a large fire. He was wrapped in a robe of raccoon skin. On each side sat a young woman who was his wife, and along the sides of the royal lodge stood two rows of men, with the same number of women standing directly behind them. The faces and shoulders of all the females were stained red, most of their heads were adorned with white down, and strings of white beads were around their necks. It was fortunate for the women that such a large fire was burning in the wigwam, for they had very scant covering on their bodies.

As Captain Smith was brought before this imposing company, naturally he was filled with wonder as to what the end would be. He knew that the grim, gaunt Emperor was about to decide his fate—or, rather, would make it known, for the prisoner had been led thither to hear his sentence.

As the Captain made a grave obeisance to Powhatan he cast searching looks around the lodge in quest of Pocahontas and her brother Nantaquas, and saw the latter. He was standing on the right of the Emperor, at the head of the double line of warriors, which was the place of honor. All these men had their weapons with them. Knives and tomahawks showed in their girdles and the end

of each bow, as tall as themselves, rested on the floor, being grasped around the thick portion in the middle.

Smith noticed that the stature of Nantaquas was the equal of the warrior next to him, though, in truth, he was only a boy. His eyes met those of Smith, but there was not the slightest change of expression. Whatever his feelings might be, the youth dared give no sign in the presence of his stern father.

But where was Pocahontas? Twice, Smith searched hurriedly among the group, all of whom he saw despite the rows in front, but that fair, pitying face was not among them. The prisoner's heart sank. He gave up hope. A woman known as the "Queen of Appomatox" was ordered to bring a wooden bowl of water, in which he washed his hands. Another woman handed him a soft bunch of feathers, which he used as a towel. After this came a barbarous feast for the hapless captive, and then a long consultation.

It is probable that Powhatan and his brother chiefs would have spared Captain Smith, but for the fact that he had slain two of their number. That was an offence which could not be forgiven, and he was sentenced to death. Two warriors appeared at the entrance of the lodge, each bearing a heavy stone. It was the most they could do to carry them to the open space in front of the

chieftain, where they were laid on the ground, beside each other.

At a sign from Powhatan half a dozen of his men sprang to where Smith stood, watching the dreadful preparations. He was dragged and pushed forward, his hands tied behind his back and then flung to the ground, and his head forced down, so that it rested on the larger of the two stones. He did not resist, for this man of so many strange adventures felt that the last of them all had come.

Hardly had his head been placed on the rough support, when most of the warriors fell away, leaving one ranged on either side of the prostrate captive. These stood near his shoulders, and each grasped a huge club, the large end swinging clear of the ground, in position for them to draw it back and bring it down on the head of Smith with such force that no second blow on the part of either would be needed.

It was an awful moment. Intense silence reigned in the lodge. No one seemed to breathe, and only the soft rustle of the fire and the moaning of the wintry wind outside the wigwam broke the stillness. The position of everyone was rigid, and all eyes were fixed upon the captive and his executioners. Not a sign of pity showed on the face of anyone. The countenance of Powhatan was like that of a graven image, but his black

eyes gleamed. To him the tragedy was one of fine enjoyment. He did not give any command or speak, for it was not needed. The couple with the clubs knew their duty.

At this moment of tense emotion a movement was heard on the left of the Emperor, and just behind the wife who was standing at the head of the row. With a gasping exclamation, Pocahontas dashed between the men in front of her, thrusting them out of her path, and, bounding like a fawn across the intervening space, dropped on one knee, placed an arm on either side of the Captain's head, and with tears streaming down her cheeks, looked up at her father.

"You must not kill him! He is my friend! He was kind to Pocahontas! Spare his life, dear father, for *me!*"

No one moved or spoke. Powhatan glared angrily at his daughter for neither she nor anyone had ever dared to do a thing like this before. Had it been anyone else, he would have struck the person dead at his feet.

But he could not raise his hand against the loved child of his heart. He started to rise, but changed his mind and sank back again. The executioners looked at him, awaiting his command, and paying no attention to the girl kneeling between them, with her arms still about the neck of Captain Smith, who looked up into her dark, pitying

eyes. A warm tear fell on his bronzed forehead. With one hand Pocahontas brushed back the heavy brown hair which had dropped over his eyes, and smiling through her grief, said:

"You shall not be harmed! Your life is spared!"

"How can you know that, my good friend?"

"Do you not see?" she asked in turn, grasping one of his bound arms above the elbow, as if to help him to his feet.

At this moment Captain Smith saw what she meant by her question. The warriors with their huge clubs had stepped away from the two. Powhatan could not deny the prayer of Pocahontas, and had signalled to them to spare the life of the white man.

When the Captain stood erect, his face flushed with embarrassment. Not knowing what to do, he did nothing, but stood with his eyes on the ground. Pocahontas fluttered about him like a bird. She tried to untie the knots that bound his wrists behind his back, and though she would have succeeded in a few minutes, she was impatient. She beckoned to her brother Nantaquas, who came hastily forward and cut the thongs with his knife. He turned inquiringly to Powhatan, who motioned for his son to take the man away. Clasping the hand of the prisoner in his own, the youth led him through the door to the

outside of the wigwam. Pocahontas did not follow, but did another thing that astonished the group gathered round. Forgetful of all kingly dignity in the stress of her feelings, she bounded to the throne, flung her arms about the neck of her parent, and laying her head on the gaunt shoulder, sobbed with thankfulness, murmuring words which only Powhatan could hear.

And for the moment he forgot that he was King. He stroked the masses of black hair until she regained command of herself, when he told her in a low voice that he had spared the prisoner because he could deny nothing to the one who asked it. She faced about with glowing countenance, on which the tears still shone, and moved back to the place she had held before doing the noble act.

Meanwhile Nantaquas guided Captain Smith to his own lodge, which stood at the eastern end of the village. It was small, for only he dwelt there. It was hardly a dozen feet in length, and no more than two-thirds of that in width, but a fire was smouldering at the farther end, the skins of animals were spread on the ground, and his favorite bow leaned in one corner. On the ridge pole of the wigwam were hung the furs of bears, deer, and wolf. Primitive as was the dwelling, it was as comfortable as it could be.

Captain Smith was not a "gushing" man.

In this respect he was like Nantaquas. The Indian youth had learned the white men's custom of greeting one another by shaking hands. When the Captain, therefore, offered his hand to his friend, it was grasped by him.

"I shall always be thankful to you, Nantaquas."

"Your thanks belong to my sister," was the gentle reply.

"I know that, and she will ever dwell in my heart. Does this mean that my life is spared for a short time only?"

"I will learn; wait till I come back."

Lifting the flap of the lodge, the dusky youth slipped outside. Captain Smith sat down on one of the furs spread on the floor, and gave himself over to thinking of the strange things that had come to him in the past. He was sitting thus, sunk in meditation, when his friend returned.

Nantaquas had talked with Powhatan, who told him that Smith was to stay among the Indians, and give his time to the making of moccasins, bows and arrows, robes and pots, and especially to the manufacture of beads, bells, and copper trinkets for Pocahontas. The Captain accepted the proposal with great pleasure, for he knew that the end, sooner or later, would be his return to Jamestown. What a contrast between the many stormy scenes he had passed through and this quiet

toiling in the depths of the American woods! He took up the task with the same energy he put in everything, and pleased Nantaquas, who showed a real friendship for him. Powhatan was also well satisfied, and Pocahontas, who often came to the little workshop and watched the sturdy Captain at labor, was delighted. She would sometimes sit for a long time on a mat in front of him, noting with childish interest the movements of the sturdy fingers that were more used to handling the sword than to fashioning the delicate ornaments and trinkets. She could not restrain her happiness as the articles gradually took form. When the Captain completed a pair of moccasins that were as dainty as the slippers of Cinderella, she slipped them on her feet, clapped her hands, and danced about the wigwam, just as any little English or American girl would have done. Nantaquas and Captain Smith smiled at the pretty picture, and the brave and good Captain felt well rewarded for his trouble. Indeed, could he ever repay this sweet daughter of the forest for what she had done for him? He often asked himself the question, and the answer was always a soft but earnest "*No!*"

CHAPTER XII

CONCLUSION

Powhatan left no doubt of his friendly feeling towards Captain Smith when, six weeks after he started on his voyage up the Chickahominy, the sachem allowed him to return under guard to Jamestown. He received a warm welcome from his countrymen, and the Indians who had come with him were sent back to Powhatan with many presents for themselves, and still more for the American Emperor himself.

It is one of the many proofs of the fine character of Captain John Smith and of his great service to the colony, that, brief as had been his absence, the settlement had reached the verge of ruin. The little church had been burned, and the good minister held religious services under the trees. Of the more than a hundred men who had come across the ocean a few months before, only forty were alive. On the very day that Smith arrived at the settlement, the new President Ratcliffe and several of his friends had seized the pinnace—the only boat left—and were about to sail for England. This was the third attempt of that kind, and it was defeated again by Smith, who

would have shot every man of them had they not come back to land and surrendered.

Now, what do you suppose was the next step of those wicked persons? You must remember that they had other friends, base as they were. They said that under the old Levitical law Smith was guilty of the deaths of the men that had been slain by Indians. They would have hanged him on the charge, had he not ended the business by arresting his accusers, and warning them that, if they caused him any more trouble, he would hang them all.

Woeful times now came to Jamestown. You would think they could be no more dreadful than those through which the settlement had already passed, but the poor people, besides quarrelling among themselves, began starving to death. The gaunt, famished settlers staggered along the single street, too feeble to rise when they stumbled and fell. All they could do was to creep into their cabins and lie down, moaning and waiting for death to end their sufferings. It looked as if not a man would be left alive, and about the only one who kept his feet and moved freely about was Captain Smith. He was always cheery and hopeful, and helped others by his good spirits, which seemed never to leave him.

But the day came when even this brave man saw no hope. He did not know where

to get the next mouthful of food without going among the Indians, and his companions were too worn and weak to be taken with him. He would not leave them to their sad fate, but was ready to die among them, as he had been from the first.

Standing moodily on the outside of the palisades, with arms folded and looking off along the trail that led into the forest toward York River, he suddenly saw a strange sight. A girl came out from among the trees, bearing a basket of corn on her shoulder. He had hardly time to recognize her as Pocahontas when he saw she was followed by other Indians. On came the procession, until he counted eighteen. The one next to her was Nantaquas, and, filing after him, were other warriors, every one of whom carried a basket of corn or a haunch of venison. Providence had moved their hearts with pity for the perishing white men, and their timely visit with food saved them when, but for such kindness, all must have perished.

No wonder the grateful English ever after referred to the good maiden as "the dear and blessed Pocahontas." She came once or twice a week for months, bringing supplies through the woods from the York River to Jamestown. It was she who took the first step in this good work, and Powhatan was willing, for he felt friendly at the time towards

the whites. Years after, in a letter to the Queen, Captain Smith referred to these acts of Pocahontas in the following quaint words:

"During the time of two or three years she next under God, was still the instrument to preserve this colony from death, famine, and utter confusion, which, if in those days had once been dissolved, Virginia might have lain as it was at our first arrival to this day."

I have not the space to tell you the later history of Virginia. Its troubles were by no means ended, and many dark days followed—days when it looked as if nothing could save the colony from passing away. I have aimed rather to show something of the great services of Pocahontas, daughter of Powhatan, who ruled over thirty tribes of Indians. She never showed any weakening of her friendship for the white people. Sometimes her father became offended with them and went to war, but nothing could shake her good will. He even grew angry with her, but, though parent and child could not quarrel the maiden only became more guarded in her deeds of kindness, when Powhatan happened to be in one of his ugly moods.

There was a time when the chieftain's enmity against Smith became so deep that he used every means he could think of to have him put to death. The Captain was ready to fight the Emperor, when nothing else was

left. He set out one day with a strong company to surprise Powhatan. He had not been gone long when nine of those whom he he had left at home went out in a boat in a severe storm. The craft was capsized and the whole party drowned. Smith had ordered these men to hold themselves ready to join him whenever he sent for them. It was important that he should be told of the calamity as soon as possible, so that his own expedition might not fail through lack of the aid he might need.

The task of reaching Smith through the many miles of wilderness was so dangerous that only one man in the colony was willing to make the attempt. He was captured by Indians and taken before Powhatan at Werowocomoco, and the chieftain ordered him to be put to death. Without drawing suspicion to herself, Pocahontas got him a short distance away in the woods, and hid him among the bushes. He would have been found and brought back by the warriors who set out to search for him had she not cunningly led them in a wrong direction. The man gained enough start to join Smith, and tell him of the sad accident to the men whom he had counted upon for help.

Some time later, when matters seemed to have quieted, a party of colonists went among Powhatan's people to trade, but all except

one was massacred. Pocahontas succeeded in saving his life, and he lived many years, secure in her friendship, among the Indians.

In 1609 Captain Smith, while on one of his exploring expeditions, was so painfully burned by the accidental explosion of a bag of gunpowder, that he suffered great agony. Good medical treatment could not be given him at Jamestown, and he sailed for England. He never came back to Virginia, which was a great misfortune, since no man could be found fitted to take his place. Of the five hundred whom he left behind, only sixty were alive at the end of six months. History refers to this fearful period of Virginia as "the Starving Time."

When, at last, conditions improved through the steady coming of immigrants, Captain Argall started on a cruise up James River. He invited Pocahontas to visit his vessel, and she, dreaming of no evil, came aboard with an Indian woman, who had been bribed to play her part, under the promise of Argall that no harm should befall the girl. The woman was allowed to go ashore, but Pocahontas was kept as a prisoner. The expectation of Argall was that Powhatan would be glad to pay a large ransom with corn for her return to him. Instead of doing so, the furious sachem prepared to wage a savage war against the colony.

During these troublous weeks Pocahontas stayed at Jamestown, where everyone treated her kindly. John Rolfe, a member of a good English family, became interested in the maiden, and she returned his affection. He was a good Churchman, and talked to Pocahontas about the true religion. She listened with deep interest, and soon showed that no one understood the mysteries of the Christian faith better than she. She was truly converted, and asked that she might be baptized. In the quaint little chapel at Jamestown, whose columns were the rough pines from the forest, whose pews were fragrant cedar, and whose communion table and pulpit were of black walnut, this Princess of the Woods knelt before the font hewn out of a log, made the responses in broken English, and received the baptismal name of Rebecca.

Rolfe and Pocahontas were married in the month of April, 1613. Although Powhatan did not attend the ceremony, he cheerfully gave his consent, and sent his brother and two of his sons to represent him. One of these was our old friend Nantaquas, who was highly pleased with the marriage. The uncle of Pocahontas gave her away in accordance with the Anglican ritual. The windows of the chapel were festooned with evergreens, wild flowers, and crimson hollyberries. The communion table was covered with spotless

white linen, and on it rested bread from the wheat fields and wine from the native grapes. The settlers and Indian visitors crowded the small building, and gazed with deep interest upon the beautiful picture.

When the bride and groom appeared, she was dressed in a simple tunic of white muslin, with her comely arms bared to the shoulders. Sir Thomas Dale had presented her with a rich robe, which she had herself embroidered. Her abundant black hair flowed down her back, and was encircled by a fillet, filled with the bright plumage of birds, and holding in its fastenings a cloudlike, misty veil. A few simple articles of jewelry gleamed on her wrists. Modest, loving, and beautiful, she made a charming bride.

Nor must we forget the groom. He had a manly figure, and with his short, full beard, an attractive countenance. He was dressed like an English cavalier, and wore a short sword on his thigh as a mark of distinction. The two stood upon the chancel steps, which had no railing, and there the clergyman, with impressive voice and manner, amid the breathless hush of the spectators, made the two man and wife.

This union was a happy one in every respect. Husband and wife devotedly loved each other, and Powhattan became the true friend of the English, and so remained to

the close of his life. When Governor Dale sailed for England in 1616, he took Rolfe and Pocahontas with him. She was called "Lady Rebecca," and surely it was proper that she should wear such honor, for was she not the daughter of the Greatest American King of his time? She received marked attention from the court and leading dignitaries in England, and everything was done to make her feel happy in a land so new and strange to her.

It was natural that Pocahontas should feel anxious to meet her old friend Captain Smith. He was the first whom she asked about, but, to her grief, she was told that he was dead. While mourning for him, the Captain called upon her. She was so shocked that she burst into tears, and asked why the deception had been used. All sorts of explanations and excuses were made; but you will agree with me that none was sufficient to justify such cruel treatment.

She soon regained her cheerfulness, and the the two sat down and had a long talk over their lives in the land, three thousand miles away, in the depth of the American woods. She called the Captain "father," and he returned by speaking to her as "daughter."

Since I know you feel an interest in the brave Captain John Smith, I will say in this place that he sailed along the coast of New

England in 1614, and gave the name of Boston to the principal city in that region, besides partially exploring the country. He spent his last years in London, engaged in writing his histories. He died in 1631, and was buried under the chancel of St. Sepulchre's Church. The opening of the poetical inscription is, "Here lies one conquered, that hath conquered kings," and the close of the prayer is, that "with angels he might have his recompense."

Rolfe and his wife had made ready to sail sail for the New World, when, at the beginning of the year 1617, she fell ill at Gravesend, and died at the age of twenty-two years. She left an infant son, Thomas, who was taken to London and educated by his uncle, Henry Rolfe. When he reached manhood he returned to America, gained a large fortune, and became a gentleman of distinction. From him some of the leading families in Virginia to-day are proud to trace their descent.

By the way, I may add, as an interesting coincidence, the fact that the home of *Little Folks*, "LaBelle Sauvage," was thus named in honor of Pocahontas, the "Princess of the Woods."

EDNA'S SACRIFICE

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BALDEN

EDNA'S SACRIFICE

It was a cold night in September. For three days the rain had fallen almost unceasingly. It had been impossible for us to get out; and no visitors had been in. Everything looked dreary enough, and we felt so, truly. Of course the stoves were not prepared for use; and this night we (that is, Nell, Floy, Aunt Edna, and myself) were huddled in the corners of the sofa and arm-chairs, wrapped in our shawls. We were at our wits' end for something to while the hours away. We had read everything that was readable; played until we fancied the piano sent forth a wail of complaint, and begged for rest; were at the backgammon board until our arms ached; and I had given imitations of celebrated actresses, until I was hoarse, and Nell declared I was in danger of being sued for scandal. What more could we do? To dispel the drowsiness that was stealing over me, I got up, walked up and down the floor, and then drew up the blind, and gazed out into the deserted street. Not a footfall to be heard, neither man's nor beast's; nothing but patter, patter, patter. At length, after standing fully fifteen minutes — oh, joyful sound! — a coming footstep, firm and quick. My first thought was that those steps would stop at our door. But, directly after, I felt that very improbable for who was there that *would* come such a night? Papa was up north with mamma; Nell and Floy were visiting Aunt Edna

and me, the only ones home, save the servants. Neither of us had as yet a lover so devoted or so demented as to come out, if he had anywhere to *stay in.*

On and past went the steps. Turning away, I drew down the blind, and said: "Some one must be ill, and that was the doctor, surely: for no one else would go out, only those from direst necessity sent."

A deep sigh escaped Aunt Edna's lips, and although partially shaded by her hand, I could see the shadow on the beautiful face had deepened.

Why my aunt had never married was a mystery to me, for she was lovable in every way, and must have been very beautiful in her youth. Thirty six she would be next May-day, she had told me. Thirty-six seemed to me, just sixteen, a very great many years to have lived. But aunt always was young to us; and the hint of her being an old maid was always resented, very decidedly, by all her nieces.

"Aunt Edna," I said, "tell us a story — a love-story, please."

"Oh, little one, you have read so many! And what can I tell you more?" she answered, gently.

"Oh, aunty, I want a *true* story! Do, darling aunty, tell us your own. Tell us why you are blessing our home with your presence, instead of that of some nob'e man, for noble he must have been to have won your heart, and — hush-sh! Yes, yes, I know something about somebody, and I must know all. Do, please!"

I plead on. I always could do more with Aunt Edna than any one else. I was named for her, and many called me like her — "only not nearly so pretty" was always added

At last she consented, saying:

"Dear girls, to only one before have I given my entire confidence, and that was my mother. I scarce know why I have yielded to your persuasions, little Edna, save that this night, with its gloom and rain, carries me back long years, and my heart seems to join its pleading with yours, yearning to cast forth some of its fulness, and perchance find relief by pouring into your loving heart its own sorrows. But, darling, I would not cast my shadow over your fair brow, even for a brief time."

With her hand still shading her face, Aunt Edna began:

"Just such a night as this, eighteen years ago, dear child, my fate was decided. The daughter of my mother's dearest friend had been with us about a year. Dearly we all loved the gentle child, for scarcely more than child she was — only sixteen. My mother had taken her from the cold, friendless form of her mother into her own warm, loving heart, and she became to me as a sister. So fair and frail she was! We all watched her with the tenderest care, guarding her from all that could chill her sensitive nature or wound the already saddened heart. Lilly was her name. Oh, what a delicate white lily she was when we first brought her to our home; but after a while she was won from her sorrow, and grew into a maiden of great beauty. Still, with child-like, winning ways.

"Great walls of love were in her blue eyes — violet hue he called them. Often I wondered if any one's gaze would linger on my dark eyes when hers were near. Her pale golden hair was pushed off her broad forehead and fell in heavy waves far down below her

graceful shoulders and over her black dress. Small delicately formed features, a complexion so fair and clear that it seemed transparent. In her blue eyes there was always such a sad, wistful look; this, and the gentle smile that ever hovered about her lips, gave an expression of mingled sweetness and sorrow that was very touching. You may imagine now how beautiful she was.

"Her mother had passed from earth during the absence of Lilly's father. Across the ocean the sorrowful tidings were borne to him. He was a naval officer. Lilly was counting the days ere she should see him. The good news had come that soon he would be with her. At last the day arrived, but oh! what a terrible sorrow it brought! When her heart was almost bursting with joy, expecting every moment to be clasped in those dear arms, a telegraphic dispatch was handed in. Eagerly she caught it, tore it open, read — and fell lifeless to the floor.

"Oh! the fearful, crushing words. We read, not of his coming to Lilly, but of his going to her, his wife, in heaven. Yes, truly an orphan the poor girl was then.

"In vain proved all efforts to restore her to consciousness. Several times, when she had before fainted, mother was the only physician needed. But that night she shook her head and said:

" 'We must have a doctor, and quickly.'

"It was a terrible night. Our doctor was very remote. Your father suggested another, near by.

"Dr. ——, well, never mind his name. Your father said he had lately known him, and liked him much.

"Through the storm he came, and by his skilful

treatment Lilly was soon restored to consciousness, but not to health. A low nervous fever set in, and many days we watched with fearful hearts. Ah! during those days I learned to look too eagerly for the doctor's coming. Indeed, he made his way into the hearts of all in our home. After the dreaded crisis had passed, and we knew that Lilly would be spared to us, the doctor told mother he should have to prescribe for me. I had grown pale from confinement in the sickroom, and he must take me for a drive, that the fresh air should bring the roses back to my cheeks. Willingly mother consented. After that I often went. When Lilly was able to come down-stairs, this greatest pleasure of my life then was divided with her. One afternoon I stood on the porch with her, waiting while the doctor arranged something about the harness.

" 'Oh! *how* I wish it was my time to go!' she whispered.

" 'Well, darling, it shall be your time. I can go tomorrow. Run, get your hat and wraps,' I said, really glad to give any additional pleasure to this child of many sorrows.

" 'No, no, that would not be fair. And, Edna, don't you know that *tomorrow* I would be so sorry if I went today? I do not mean to be selfish, but, oh, indeed, I cannot help it! I am wishing *every time* to go. Not that I care for a ride—' She hesitated, flushed, and whispered: 'I like to be with my doctor. Don't you, Edna? Oh! I wish he was my father, or brother, or cousin — just to be with us all the time, you know.'

"Just then the doctor came for me, and I had to

leave her. As we drove off I looked back and kissed my hand to her, saying:

" 'Dear little thing! I wish she was going with us.'

" 'I do not,' the doctor surprised me by saying.

"I raised my eyes inquiringly to his. In those beautiful, earnest eyes I saw something that made me profoundly happy. I could not speak. After a moment he added:

" 'She is a beautiful, winning child, and I enjoy her company. But when with her, I feel as if it was my duty to devote myself entirely to her — in a word, to take care of her, or, I should say, to care for *her* only. And this afternoon, of all others, I do not feel like having Lilly with us.'

"That afternoon was one of the happiest of my life. Although not a word of love passed his lips, I knew it filled his heart, and was for me. He told me of his home, his relatives, his past life. Of his mother he said:

" 'When you know her, you will love her dearly.'

"He seemed to be sure that I should know her. And then — ah, well, I thought so too, then.

"Lilly was waiting for us when we returned. He chided her for being out so late. It was quite dark. Tears filled her eyes as she raised them to his and said:

" 'Don't be angry. I could not help watching. Oh, why did you stay so long? I thought you would never come back. I was afraid something had happened — that the horse had run away, or—'

" 'Angry I could not be with you, little one. But I do not want you to get sick again. Come, now, smile away your tears and fears! Your friend is safe and with you again,' the doctor answered

Taking her hand, he led her into the parlor.

"He had not understood the cause of her tears. Only for him she watched and wept.

"'*Do* stay,' she plead, when her doctor was going.

"He told her he could not, then; there was another call he must make, but would return after a while.

"She counted the minutes, until she should see him again. Never concealing from any of us how dearly she loved him. She was truly as guileless as a child of six years.

"From the first of her acquaintance with him, she had declared 'her doctor' was like her father. Mother too, admitted, the resemblance was very decided.

"This it was, I think, that first made him so dear to her.

"Several times, after the doctor returned that evening, I saw he sought opportunity to speak to me, unheard by others. But Lilly was always near.

"Ah! it was better so. Better that from his own lips I heard not those words he would have spoken. Doubly hard would have been the trial. Oh, that night when he said, 'good-bye!' He slipped in my hand a little roll of paper. As Lilly still stood at the window, watching as long as she could see him, I stole away to open the paper. Then, for a while, I forgot Lilly, aye, forgot everything, in my great happiness. He loved me! On my finger sparkled the beautiful diamond — my engagement ring — to be worn on the morrow, 'if I could return his love,' he said.

"Quickly I hid my treasures away, his note and the ring — Lilly was coming.

"She was not yet strong, and soon tired. I helped her to get off her clothes, and as she kissed me good-night, she said:

" 'I wish we had a picture of him — don't you?'

" 'Who, dear?' I asked.

" 'My doctor! Who else? You tease. You *knew* well enough,' she answered, as she nestled her pretty head closer to mine.

"Soon she was sleeping and dreaming of him. Sweet dreams at first I knew they were; for soft smiles flitted over her face.

"I could not sleep. A great fear stole in upon my happiness. Did not Lilly love him too? How would she receive the news which soon must reach her? Was her love such as mine? Such as is given to but one alone? Or only as a brother did she love him? I must *know* how it was. Heaven grant that joy for one would not bring sorrow to the other, I prayed. I had not long to wait. Her dreams became troubled. Her lips quivered and trembled, and then with a cry of agony she started up.

" 'Gone, gone, gone!' she sobbed.

"It was many minutes ere I succeeded in calming and making her understand 'twas but a dream.

" 'Oh, but *so* real, so *dreadfully* real. I thought he did not care for me. That he had gone and left me, and they told me he was married!'

"Telling this, she began to sob again.

" 'Lilly, dear, tell me truly — tell your sister, your very best friend — how it is you love your doctor?' I asked.

" 'How?' she returned. 'Oh, Edna, more than all the world! He is all that I have lost and more:

and if he should die, or I should lose him, I would not wish to live. I *could* not live. He loves me a little, does he not, Edna?'

"I could not reply. Just then there was a terrible struggle going on in my heart. *That* must be ended, the victory won ere I could speak. She waited for my answer and then said, eagerly:

" 'Oh, speak, *do!* What *are* you thinking about?'

"Pressing back the sigh — back and far down into the poor heart — I gave her the sweet, and kept the bitter part, when I could answer.

" 'Yes, dear, I *do* think he loves you a little now, and will, by-and-by, love you dearly. God grant he may!'

" 'Oh, you darling Edna! You have made me so happy!' she cried, kissing me; and still caressing me she fell asleep.

"Next morning I enclosed the ring, with only these words:

" 'Forgive if I cause you sorrow, and believe me your true friend. I return the ring that I am not *free* to accept.'

"I intended that my reply should mislead him, when I wrote that I was not free, and thus to crush any hope that might linger in his heart. While at breakfast that morning, we received a telegram that grandma was extremely ill, and wanted me. Thus, fate seemed to forward my plans. I had thought to go away for a while. I told mother all. How her dear heart ached for me! Yet she dared not say aught against my decision. She took charge of the note for the doctor, and by noon I was on my journey. Two years passed ere I returned home. Mother wrote

me but little news of either Lilly or her doctor after the first letter, telling that my note was a severe shock and great disappointment. Three or four months elapsed before grandma was strong enough for me to leave her. An opportunity at that time presented for my going to Europe. I wanted such an entire change, and gladly accepted. Frequently came letters from Lilly. For many months they were filled with doubts and anxiety; but after a while came happier and shorter ones. Ah, she had only time to be with him, and to think in his absence of his coming again.

"When I was beginning to tire of all the wonders and grandeur of the old world, and nothing would still the longing for home, the tidings came they were married, Lilly and her doctor, and gone to his western home to take charge of the patients of his uncle, who had retired from practice. Then I hastened back, and ever since, dear girls, I have been contented, finding much happiness in trying to contribute to that of those so dear. Now, little Edna, you have my only love-story, its beginning and ending."

"But, aunty, do tell me his name," I said. "Indeed, it is not merely idle curiosity. I just feel as if I must know it — that it is for something very important. Now you need not smile. I'm very earnest, and I shall not sleep until I know. I really felt a presentiment that if I knew his name it might in some way affect the conclusion of the story."

"Well, my child, I may as well tell you. Dr. Graham it was — Percy Graham," Aunt Edna answered, low

"Ah! did I not tell you? It was not curiosity. Listen, aunty mine. While you were away last winter, papa received a paper from St. Louis; he handed it to me, pointing to an announcement. But I will un get it. He told me to show it to you, and I forgot. I did not dream of all this."

From my scrap-book I brought the slip, and Aunt Edna read:

"DIED.—Suddenly, of heart disease, on the morning of the 15th, Lilly, wife of Doctor Percy Graham, in the 34th year of her age."

Aunt Edna remained holding the paper, without speaking, for some minutes; then, handing it back to me, she said, softly, as if talking to her friend:

"*Dear* Lilly! Thank heaven, I gave to *you* the best I had to give, and caused you naught but happiness. God is merciful! Had *he* been taken, and you left, how *could* we have comforted you?" And then, turning to me, she said: "Nearly a year it is since Lilly went to heaven. 'Tis strange I have not heard of this."

"'Tis strange from him you have not heard," I thought; "and stranger still 'twill be if he comes not when the year is over. For surely he *must* know that you are free—" But I kept my thoughts, and soon after kissed aunty goodnight.

One month passed, and the year was out. And somebody was in our parlor, making arrangements to carry away Aunt Edna. I knew it was he, when he met me at the hall door, and said:

"Edna — Miss Linden! *can* it be?"

"Yes and no, sir — both — Edna Linden; but, Doctor Graham, not *your* Edna. You will find her in the

parlor," I answered, saucily, glad and sorry, both, at his coming.

Ah, she welcomed him with profound joy, I know. He knew all; papa had told him. And if he loved the beautiful girl, he then worshipped that noble woman.

"Thank God! Mine at last!" I heard him say, with fervent joy, as I passed the door, an hour after.

How beautiful she was, when, a few weeks after, she became his very own. I stood beside her and drew off her glove. How happy he looked as he placed the heavy gold circlet on her finger! How proudly he bore her down the crowded church aisle!

Ah, little Lilly was no doubt his dear and cherished wife. But *this* one, 'twas plain to see, was the one love of his life.

THE END.